

# The Sketch



No. 477.—VOL. XXXVII.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19, 1902.

SIXPENCE.



PRINCE ALBERT.

PRINCESS VICTORIA.

PRINCE HENRY.

PRINCE EDWARD.

A NEW GROUP OF THE CHILDREN OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

(SEE "THE CHAPERON.")

Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

## THE CLUBMAN.

*Amusements in Nice—Lawn-Tennis—A Battle of Flowers—The Golf-Links—The English Hospital.*

NICE, the pleasant city whose white crescent clasps a sapphire sea, seems to me to change less than any of the other towns of the Côte d'Azur: the line of villas stretches out a little farther along the bay each year; a new hotel has sprung up amidst the other palatial caravanserais on the Cimiez heights; a bright little restaurant, the Français, has been transferred to what was known as the Villa Würtz-Dundas, on the Promenade des Anglais; and an English hospital is to be built and golf-links are being laid out; but otherwise the Nice of to-day is the Nice of ten years ago, though there are more automobiles to be seen on the long drive by the sea nowadays than pairs of high-stepping horses.

At the moment, when the subject of the sad news from South Africa is not on the tongues of men and women, tennis is the principal subject of discussion in Nice, for the International Tournament is in full swing at the grounds on the Place Mozart, and there are sixteen entries for the Championship of the South of France, such first-class players as Mr. H. L. Doherty and his brother, the Messrs. Allen, Casdagli, Blacker-Douglas, and A. de Gordon taking part in it. There are also some very well-known ladies playing in the Tournament, the Countess Schulenburg being considered the Champion of the fair sex and being the most heavily handicapped in consequence. The weather is all that the organisers of the Tournament could wish; indeed, the past ten days have been perfect English June weather, a little breeze tempering the noonday heat, but brilliant sunshine being on the land all day long, and everywhere the scent of roses and violets.

If King Carnival was responsible for the bad weather during the period that he sat on his flying-machine in the great Square, his misdeeds have since been amply made amends for, and the Regatta, which is always a pretty sight at Nice—for the winning-mark is just off the jetty, and the great yachts come close enough for the spectators to fling a biscuit on board them—and the latest of the Battles of Flowers were held under perfect conditions. I do not think that I have ever seen a prettier Flower Battle than the one of last week. Flowers, owing to the rainy weather in the early part of the season, are very plentiful and very cheap, and in the market a lapful of violets can be bought for a small piece of silver; consequently, the carriages which went backwards and forwards before the tribunes on the Promenade des Anglais had been decorated with no niggard hand, and the bunches of flowers flung by the spectators fell in a continuous shower. An enormous floral star nodded above one carriage, which was decorated all in pink and white and was drawn by two horses, driven by a postillion in pink satin and white. Two of the Chasseurs Alpins, who are in garrison at Villefranche, rode in an arbour of greenery, on the top of which a rooster spread his wings and crowed defiance.

Cannes is not to be the only town on the Riviera to boast of golf-links, for early this season Colonel Woodward, the honorary secretary, and Freemantle, the professional of the Cannes Golf Club, came over to Nice and were taken by Mr. Higgins, whose beautiful yacht, the *Varuna*, lies, throughout the winter, in the port, over to the promontory of San Juan, where, after some disappointments, a tract of land was found suitable for the links. The necessary preliminaries have been arranged, work will go on during the summer, and next winter the athletes in knickerbockers will astonish the primitive fisher-folk of the village of San Juan by the strange weapons they carry and by their earnestness in chasing a little white ball. The list of original subscribers will be almost as distinguished a one as that of the Cannes Golf Club, which boasts our King Edward as one of its proprietary members, for the King of the Belgians, who has some property on the promontory, and who walks over there daily when he stays at Nice, heads the list, and such great nobles as Duke George of Leuchtenberg and the Prince d'Essling have joined enthusiastically in the movement.

Nice in another matter is following the lead of Cannes, in the establishment of an English hospital. An Englishman who has not a well-lined pocket and who falls ill at Nice does not know how and where to apply for medical treatment, and is likely to be neglected. At Cannes he is taken to the English hospital, which is supported by voluntary contributions and by the proceeds of an annual theatrical entertainment organised by Lady Waterlow and Mdlle. Labrosse, and of other charitable performances. It has now been decided that Nice shall have a similar hospital, and that it shall be established as a memorial to the late Queen Victoria, who was very fond of Nice and whose rooms in the great Hôtel Regina still stand empty and undisturbed at, so it is said, the King's desire. The British Consul, Mr. McMillan, heads the movement, and there can be little doubt that the Committee will obtain the money they require for the building.

In England I heard a great deal as to small-pox in Nice. Here I hear nothing concerning it; and, indeed, on these breezy heights at Cimiez, where the hotels have vast stretches of sunny lawns before them and one looks over palm-trees and villas straight to the blue of the Mediterranean, one need be as little afraid of small-pox in the old town, if there is any, as the dwellers on the heights of Hampstead would be of measles in Whitechapel.

## THE CHAPERON.

*Prince Edward at the Coronation—A Unique Instance—The King's First Court—Gorgeous Gowns—Rose-pink the Coronation Year Colour.*

PEOPLE are taking quite an extraordinary interest in the question of what part will be played by Prince Edward of Wales in the Coronation pageant. It will be the first time on record that a Sovereign's grandson and Heir-Presumptive has been present at his crowning, and there is a general feeling that something exceptional should be done to mark the fact. Prince Edward delights in ceremonies, and behaves quite beautifully when in public. The Prince and Princess of Wales, unlike Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, believe in allowing their young children to see and be seen. All four are quite used to appearing in public, and, as a consequence, they are well-mannered and not at all shy.

The splendour and pomp of the first Court give many pleasing promises of spring social gaieties, though by a tiresome contretemps last Friday turned out a pouring wet evening. Certainly the really extravagantly lovely frocks and jewels worn are of good augury for the Coronation Season. I hear that quite a number of simple-looking gowns cost over a thousand pounds apiece, and this due not so much to the real lace worn as to the marvellous embroideries which are the modish craze of the moment. Many of the more elaborate toilettes were due to M. Jean Worth's inventive genius. He has just opened a London branch of his house. This seems rather hard on our home smart dressmakers; but just now there seems room, in this special line, for everybody. As to who wore what may be called the most sensational frocks last Friday, the palm seems to have been given by many to Lady de Grey. Her white satin gown was embossed with Louis XV. bows outlined with silver and diamonds, and the Byzantine train seemed to have a sheaf of lilies thrown across it, the leaves being of pure gold. Few women, even among the reigning beauties of the moment, could have worn with advantage such a gown, but the symphony in white, silver, and gold suited the tall, dark beauty of Lady de Grey. Brilliantly pink frocks were quite a feature of the first Court and may foretell a return to the crude colours which were so in vogue in the early days of the late reign. Two of the youthful married beauties elected to appear in that trying shade, rose-pink. Lady Castlereagh's gown was literally garlanded with roses, and she intensified the effect by wearing rubies. Mrs. Fritz Ponsonby's pink frock was somewhat paler, but also enhanced with masses of roses and by a deep-pink brocaded train. Lady Granby's pink toilette was less brilliant in tone, and was picturesque and individual rather than "smart." Of the brides, the Duchess of Hamilton attracted the most interest. She wore a very elaborate white Court-dress, embroidered in a raised design of Louis XVI. bows and roses, carried out in silver thread, chenille, and lace. Mrs. George Keppel was also in an all-white frock, and many of the best-dressed women present wore white gowns and coloured flower-embroideries. Such a combination was Lady Arthur Butler's white costume relieved with clusters of hand-painted velvet carnations. The embossed velvet which Miss Cameron—Adeline, Duchess of Bedford's young cousin—has invented and patented was also much *en évidence*, for it lends itself specially well to *toilettes de gala*. Of course, the greatest innovation at the evening Court was the hospitality offered by their Majesties to their guests. The gold plate was arranged much as it is on a Court Ball night, and the Palace *chef* was certainly to be congratulated on the menu, which had been, I hear, specially submitted to the King.

In spite of the disappointment on the Riviera, one can't help being glad that His Majesty is not going to France, after all. Each week will bring a new set of important social happenings, and when the Sovereign is out of the country, Society, in a very real sense, chooses to "lie low" till his return.

The splendid bill arranged for the well-deserved benefit-matinee just given to that excellent actor, Mr. F. H. Macklin, at the Haymarket, was unique in more senses than one. In the first place, not only did a group of the best available players come along to lend excellent artistic assistance, but, moreover, they confined their attention to one play, namely, "Caste," unselfishly falling into any part allotted to them. Happily, this best and brightest comedy by poor Tom Robertson (I say "poor," because his success came too late to be of real benefit after his many rebuffs and privations) contains for the most part excellent characters for all concerned. Mr. Arthur Bourchier, who played the servant, Dixon, had, of course, the poorest acting-part. But, considering the good cause, he did not mind that. For the rest of the leading players concerned, Mr. Beerbohm Tree was the Captain Hawtree, Mr. Cyril Maude the gas-fitter, Gerridge, Mr. Hare the Eccles, Miss Fanny Coleman the "Marquiss" (as Eccles calls her), Miss Winifred Emery the Esther Eccles, Miss Marie Tempest the Polly Eccles, and Mr. George Alexander the George D'Alroy, a character which he was wont to act on tour some few years before he ever thought of coming to London, when he opened with the then "Mr." Henry Irving as Caleb Deecie in "Two Roses." It is gratifying to be able to record that, according to the booking (which I examined), something between eight and nine hundred pounds has by this performance been raised by these fine players for their once robust fellow-actor who has been so long ill.

## THE INTER-VARSITY BOAT-RACE: THE RIVAL CREWS.

Swanzer.

Fletcher (coach). D. Milburn. G. C. Drinkwater (bow). J. G. Milburn.

H. W. Adams.



F. O. J. Huntley (stroke).

H. J. Hale. G. C. MacLagan (cox.). A. de L. Long.

J. Younger.

## THE OXFORD CREW.

*Photograph by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.*

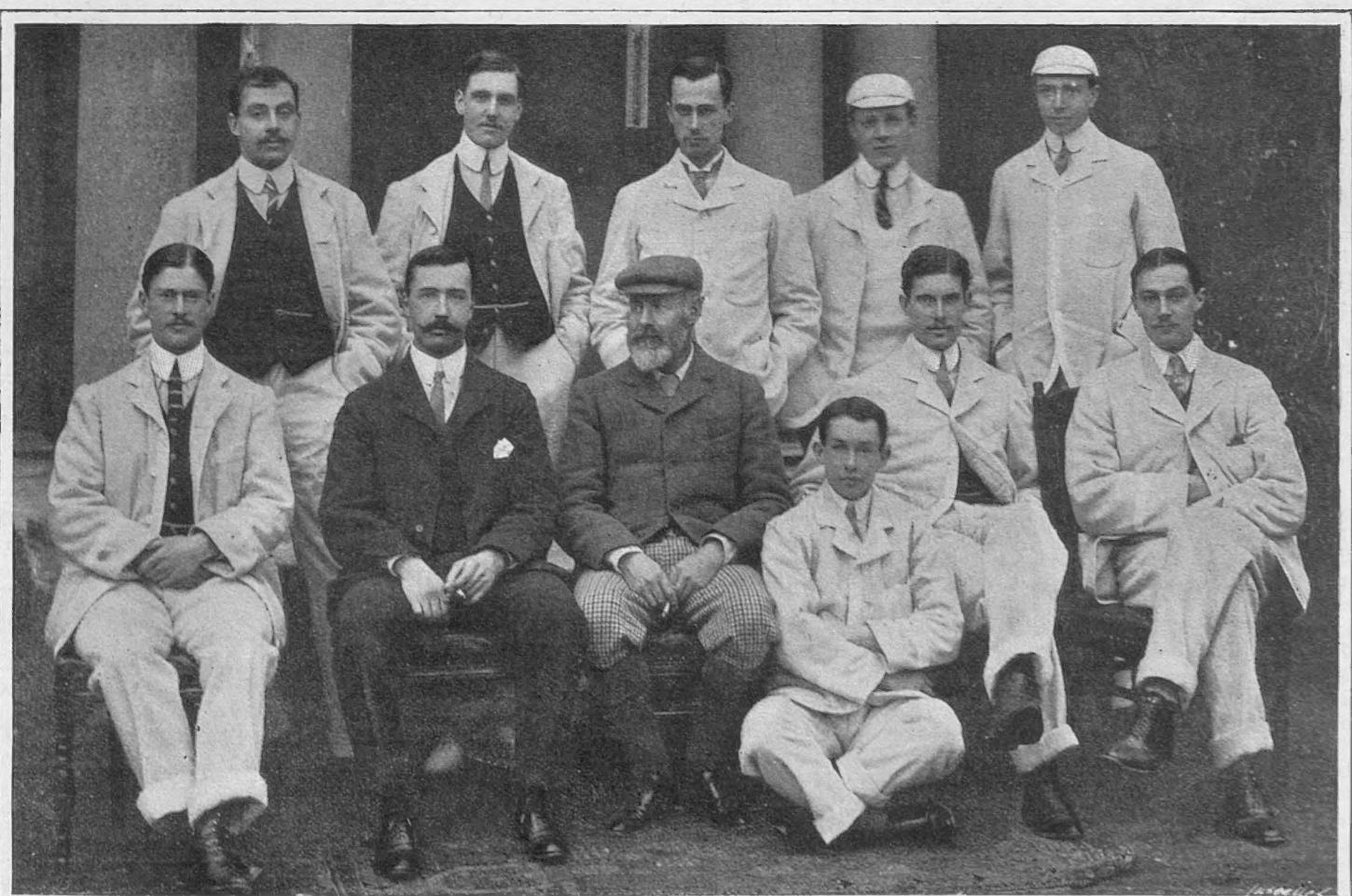
T. Drysdale.

P. H. Thomas.

W. H. Chapman (bow).

J. Edwards-Moss.

F. J. Escombe.



R. H. Nelson (stroke).

F. R. Payne.

Sir John Edwards-Moss (an old Blue).

C. W. H. Taylor (President).

H. B. Grylls.

H. C. S. Wasbrough (cox.).

## THE CAMBRIDGE CREW.

*Photograph by Stearn, Cambridge.*

## CECIL RHODES.

A BRIEF APPRECIATION OF THE MASTER EMPIRE-BUILDER AND THE IDOL OF ENGLISHMEN  
IN SOUTH AFRICA.

"THE greatest of living men." In those five words Rudyard Kipling once succinctly formulated the thought of millions of English men and women the world over. To Cecil Rhodes, indeed, that much-misused adjective "great" will always be applied, intensifying itself through the ages as time places him in his proper perspective, and facts which are impossible of solution to-day are revealed to explain his actions, actions whose contradictions have caused his biographer to declare him "a bundle of inconsistencies."

Born in Bishop Stortford, the son of the Vicar, only forty-nine years ago, Cecil Rhodes has, at a time when men are usually preparing themselves for their great life-work, if not achieved it—for what great worker ever does achieve all he set out to accomplish?—yet, at least, set it so far in train that from the Pisgah Heights of imagination he has been able to see it brought to blossom, if not to fruition, in the Land of Promise.

wanted Rhodes to go with him to Khartoum, but he refused, accepting instead the Treasurer-Generalship in the Ministry of Sir T. Scanlon. Later on, in 1890, he became Premier of Cape Colony, a post he held until the January of 1896, when he resigned in consequence of the Jameson Raid into the Transvaal.

How far Cecil Rhodes was morally responsible for the Raid will probably never be known, for who shall say how the words of one man may, all unconsciously to himself, influence the actions of another, even though at the time the former has no intention of affecting the latter?

When trouble broke out with Lobengula in 1893, Cecil Rhodes went himself to Fort Salisbury, in order to direct the operations against him. His policy met with enthusiastic approval at the Cape, as was demonstrated by the banquet offered him by the citizens at Cape Town the following year, an occasion made memorable by the sketch which he presented of the United South Africa he hoped to see in the near



"GROOTE SCHUUR," MR. RHODES' HOUSE NEAR CAPE TOWN, THE SCENE OF HIS ILLNESS.

The work which he regards as the greatest achievement of his life was the keeping of Bechuanaland in our own hands, to the exclusion of the Boers. Perhaps, however, if he were pressed, he would admit a greater pride—or, at all events, a more personal pride—in the fact that, as he has said himself, he knows Gibbon almost by heart. The fact, indeed, may throw no little light on his life-work. As a poet lispis in numbers, so Cecil Rhodes may be said to have dreamed in Empires, and to have made that dream the reality of his waking hours. Through all the unknown and unimagined difficulties which stood in his way, the very cause which at the outset might have seemed to preclude the possibility of success aided him. He was an optimist by nature. He was rendered a still greater optimist by disease. It is a characteristic of the consumptive that he refuses to be downcast, to look at the black side of the picture, not to think of the sunshine rather than the storm when it is raging. It was, no doubt, this quality that inspired someone to apply to Cecil Rhodes the epithet, "the High Priest of Optimism," and he deserves the title. Before he was twenty he was expected to die of consumption, and, on the off-chance of being benefited, he went to South Africa, with such good results that he was able, after four years, to return to Oxford in the hope of taking his degree—a hope deferred, however, by the vicissitudes of his health until 1881.

It was in that year that the greatest influence entered his life. This was his meeting with General Gordon in Basutoland. At that time, Mr. Rhodes, attracted by politics, had been returned by Barkly West, the constituency which he has held from that day to this. Gordon

future—a country covering all the land south of the Zambesi, with the same laws, the same coinage, one idea on tariff, one on railway communication, yet having full government in all legal matters: a United South Africa, the crown on whose head was to be set by the completion of the Cape to Cairo scheme.

His own wealth is due to the same ability for seeing beyond his fellows which is the common inheritance of all great or successful men. At the time when the De Beers Mine was not prosperous, he combined various Kimberley mines under his direction, with the result that he became the possessor of millions. It was characteristic of him that, with all his wealth, it has been said that he never spent more than six hundred pounds a-year on himself. To his efforts was mainly due the granting of the Charter of the British South Africa Company, whose Managing Director, no one needs reminding, he was, among other things. Indeed, the range of his activities was wide, and included rose-growing and gardening, the collecting of old books and old furniture, curiosities of all sorts, and a wonderful "Zoo," in which many of the animals are not kept in cages at all, but run wild in great enclosed tracts of the mountain-side.

Empire-maker! Greater than Clive, to whom more than to any other man we owe the extension of English territory and the consolidation of English power in India, the name of Cecil Rhodes will live through all time, immortalised by Rhodesia, that country whose area is more than six times that of the United Kingdom and Ireland, the country to the developing of which Cecil Rhodes has given the work of his untiring brain and his restless energy.



THE RIGHT HON. CECIL JOHN RHODES.

"RHODES FOR SOUTH AFRICA AND SOUTH AFRICA FOR RHODES."—CAPE MOTTO ADAPTED.

*Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Fbury Street, S.W.*

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—MR. TREE.  
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.30.  
ULYSSES, by Stephen Phillips.

MATINEE TO-DAY and EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.15.  
Box Office (Mr. F. J. Turner) open 10 to 10. HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

LYCEUM. LAST THREE WEEKS.  
EVERY EVENING at 8 precisely. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2.  
Charles Frohman presents  
WILLIAM GILLETTE in SHERLOCK HOLMES.

STRAND THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. Frank Curzon.  
EVERY EVENING at 8 o'clock precisely.

A CHINESE HONEYMOON.  
A CHINESE HONEYMOON.

A Musical Play by George Dance. Music by Howard Talbot.  
MATINEES EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.15. Box Office 10 to 10.

PRINCE OF WALES'S.—Sole Manager, Mr. FRANK CURZON.  
Sole Lessee, Mr. J. H. Leigh.

EVERY EVENING, at 9 o'clock, a new play, entitled

A COUNTRY MOUSE.

By Arthur Law.

Messrs. C. W. Somerset, Aubrey Fitzgerald, Gerald du Maurier, F. Volpé, J. D. Beveridge; Misses Granville, Vane Featherston, Mrs. E. H. Brooke, and Miss Annie Hughes.

Preceded at 8.15 (doors open 7.30) by A BIT OF OLD CHELSEA, by Mrs. Oscar Beringer.  
Miss Annie Hughes as "Saucers" (her original character).  
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 3. Box Office 10 to 10.

ST. JAMES'S.—MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.  
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15 punctually, a Poetic Play in Four Acts,  
PAOLO AND FRANCESCA,  
By Stephen Phillips.

MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.15.  
Box Office 10 to 10. ST. JAMES'S.

GARRICK—Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, Lessee and Manager.  
PILKERTON'S PEERAGE, by Anthony Hope. EVERY EVENING at 8.20. MATINEES SATURDAY at 2.30. SPECIAL WEDNESDAY MATINEES March 19 and April 2.

WYNDHAM'S.—Proprietor, MR. C. WYNDHAM.  
MRS. TREE'S SEASON, under the Direction of Mr. Tree.  
EVERY EVENING at 8.15. IRISH ASSURANCE; at 9, HEARD AT THE TELEPHONE; at 9.15, CÆSAR'S WIFE ("L'Enigme," by Paul Hervieu).  
MATINEE of HEARD AT THE TELEPHONE and CÆSAR'S WIFE  
TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY) and WEDNESDAY, April 2; also on SATURDAY, March 22, at 3.

LONDON Hippodrome.  
CRANBOURNE STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.  
Managing Director, MR. H. E. MOSS.  
TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 7.15 p.m.  
AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

SINGING. MR. ERNEST CAMERON. SPEAKING.  
VOICE PRODUCTION STUDIO, 4, PANTON STREET, HAYMARKET, S.W.  
Immediate Improvement effected in the Quality, Power, Compass, and Endurance of the Voice (Singing and Speaking). Loss of Voice, Throat Trouble, Huskiness, &c., permanently cured. Testimonials from Mr. Wilson Barrett, Miss Maud Jeffries, Miss Maud Hoffman, and numerous others. SINGING. Prospectus and Copies of Testimonials Free on Application. SPEAKING.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

PARIS AT EASTER.—FOURTEEN-DAY EXCURSIONS.  
Via Newhaven, Dieppe, and the Valley of the Seine. Thursday, March 27, from Victoria and London Bridge 10 a.m. (First and Second Class), and Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, March 26 to 29, from Victoria and London Bridge 8.30 p.m. (First, Second, and Third Class). Fares, 30s. 3d., 30s. 3d., 26s. Special Cheap Return Tickets from Paris to Switzerland are issued in connection with these Excursions.

NORMANDY AND BRITTANY AT EASTER.  
SPECIAL CHEAP RETURN TICKETS.  
To DIEPPE from London Bridge and Victoria, by Day or Night Service, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, March 27 to 31. Fares, 24s., 19s., available for return up to April 1.  
Roads and Scenery recommended to Cyclists,  
Details of Continental Manager, London Bridge Terminus.

LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.  
EASTER HOLIDAYS.

SOUTH COAST, WEST OF ENGLAND, AND FRENCH COAST.

EXCURSION TICKETS to PARIS will be issued on March 26, 27, 28, and 29, available for 14 days or less. RETURN FARES, First Class, 30s. 3d.; Second Class, 30s. 3d.; Third Class, 20s. CHEAP TICKETS will be issued by any ordinary train to HAVRE on March 27, 28, and 29; CHERBOURG on March 27 and 29; and to ST. MALO on March 28. RETURN FARE, Third Class by rail and Second Class by steamer, LONDON to ST. MALO and HAVRE, 24s. 6d.; CHERBOURG, 22s.

SPECIAL EXTRA FAST TRAINS at ORDINARY FARES will leave WATERLOO as follows—

ON WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26.

At 12.25 p.m. to SOUTHAMPTON WEST and BOURNEMOUTH.

At 4.5 p.m. to BOURNEMOUTH (DIRECT).

ON THURSDAY, MARCH 27.

At 12 noon and 3.25 p.m. to GUILDFORD, HAVANT, and PORTSMOUTH.

At 12.25 p.m. to SOUTHAMPTON WEST and BOURNEMOUTH.

At 1.30 and 4.5 p.m. EXPRESS to BOURNEMOUTH.

At 4.45 p.m. to SOUTHAMPTON WEST and BOURNEMOUTH.

At 5.30 p.m. to SALISBURY, YEOVIL, EXETER, and PLYMOUTH LINES.

At 6.55 p.m. to SOUTHAMPTON WEST, CHRISTCHURCH, BOSCOMBE, BOURNEMOUTH CENTRAL, and WEYMOUTH.

At 6.50 p.m. for WEYMOUTH.

At 10.25 p.m. to SALISBURY, EXETER, EXMOUTH, CREDITON, BARNSTAPLE, ILFRACOMBE, TORRINGTON, BIDEFORD, &c.

At 10.30 p.m. to EXETER, OKEHAMPTON, HOLSWORTHY, TAVISTOCK, DEVONPORT, PLYMOUTH, BUDE, LAUNCESTON, DELABOLE, WADEBRIDGE, PADSTOW, BODMIN, &c.

ON GOOD FRIDAY.

At 5.30 a.m. to WINCHESTER, EASTLEIGH, SOUTHAMPTON WEST, BROCKENHURST, CHRISTCHURCH, BOURNEMOUTH, DORCHESTER, WEYMOUTH, ANDOVER, SALISBURY, TEMPLECOMBE, SHERBORNE, YEOVIL, EXETER, &c.

At 8.30 p.m. to WEYMOUTH.

ON EASTER SUNDAY at 8.30 p.m., and on SATURDAY, MARCH 29, and EASTER MONDAY, MARCH 31, at 9.30 p.m., to WEYMOUTH.

For full particulars of above and other arrangements for Easter Holidays, see Bills and Programmes, to be obtained at any of the Company's Stations, London Receiving Houses, or from Mr. Henry Holmes, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station.

CHAS. J. OWENS, General Manager.

EASTER on the CONTINENT by the HARWICH-HOOK OF HOLLAND ROYAL BRITISH MAIL ROUTE, leaving London every evening and arriving at the chief Dutch Cities early next morning.

GERMANY.—Direct services via the Hook of Holland. Restaurant Cars on the North and South German Express Trains.

BELGIUM.—Brussels: Cheap Return Tickets. The Ardennes, &c., via Antwerp, daily (Sundays excepted).

Direct service to Harwich from Scotland, the North, and Midlands. Restaurant Car from York. HAMBURG by G.S.N. Company's fast passenger steamers from Harwich, March 27 and 29.

Particulars at the Great Eastern Railway Company's American Rendezvous, 2, Cockspur Street, S.W., or of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—EASTER HOLIDAYS.—On the days preceding GOOD FRIDAY, several of the trains from PADDINGTON will run in TWO PARTS.

On GOOD FRIDAY the trains will run as on SUNDAYS, and SPECIALS will leave PADDINGTON at 5.30 a.m. for Reading, Swindon, Bath, BRISTOL, Weston-super-Mare, Taunton, EXETER, Torquay, PLYMOUTH, Falmouth, Penzance, Trowbridge, Frome, Yeovil, Bridport, Weymouth, GLoucester, Cheltenham, Hereford, Newport, CARDIFF, SWANSEA, &c.; and at 5.35 a.m. for READING, Abingdon, OXFORD, Banbury, LEAMINGTON, BIRMINGHAM, Wolverhampton, WORCESTER, Malvern, Kidderminster, &c.

Full particulars, Tickets, and Pamphlets of Excursion Arrangements obtainable at the Company's Stations and Town Offices. J. L. WILKINSON, General Manager.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.  
EASTER HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

ON GOOD FRIDAY the trains will run as on Sundays, except that the 5.15 a.m. express from London (King's Cross), at ordinary fares, will be run to PETERBOROUGH, GRANTHAM, LINCOLN, NOTTINGHAM, DONCASTER, WAKEFIELD, LEEDS, BRADFORD, and HALIFAX, stopping at the intermediate Stations at which it ordinarily calls, and will be continued to YORK, NEWCASTLE, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, PERTH, ABERDEEN, &c.

The Cheap Week-End Tickets, usually issued each Friday and Saturday, will be issued on Thursday, Good Friday (if train service permits), and Saturday, March 27, 28, and 29, available for return on any day up to and including Tuesday, April 1 (except date of issue), but tickets to Cromer, Mablethorpe, Middlesbrough, Weybourne, Sheringham, Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea, West Runton, Woodhall Spa, and Yarmouth are available for return on day of issue or on any day up to Tuesday, April 1, inclusive (if train service admits).

For fares and full particulars see bills, to be obtained at the Company's stations and town offices. CHARLES STEEL, General Manager.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.  
EASTER HOLIDAYS.

EXCURSIONS FROM ST. PANCRAS AND CITY AND SUBURBAN STATIONS.

IRELAND.  
\* TUESDAY, MARCH 25.—To LONDONDERRY (via Morecambe), by direct Steamer, returning within 16 days, as per Sailing-bill.

\* WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26.—To DUBLIN, CORK, KILLARNEY, BALLINA, GALWAY, SLIGO, &c. (via Morecambe and via Liverpool), returning within 16 days, as per Sailing-bill. Also to BELFAST, LONDONDERRY, PORTRUSH, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY, ARMAGH, BUNDORAN, ENNISKILLEN, &c. (via Barrow and via Liverpool), returning any week-day within 16 days.

SCOTLAND (5, 9, or 16 days).

\* On THURSDAY, March 27, from St. Pancras, at 9.15 p.m., to Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Arbroath, Forfar, Brechin, Montrose, Aberdeen, Inverness, Nairn, Forres, Ballater, &c.; and from St. Pancras at 9.35 p.m. to EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, Greenock, Helensburgh, Ayr, Kilmarnock, &c., for 5 or 9 days. THIRD-CLASS RETURN TICKETS at slightly more than the SINGLE ORDINARY FARE for the DOUBLE JOURNEY will also be issued, available for return ANY DAY WITHIN 16 DAYS from and including date of issue.

THE PROVINCES.

\* THURSDAY, MARCH 27, to Matlock, Buxton, MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL, Bolton, BLACKBURN, Bury, BLACKPOOL, ROCHDALE, Oldham, Shefield, Barnsley, Wakefield, Halifax, LEEDS, BRADFORD, YORK, HULL, SCARBOROUGH, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Lancaster, MORECAMBE, BARROW and the FURNESS and LAKE DISTRICTS, and Carlisle; Leicester, BIRMINGHAM, NOTTINGHAM, Derby, Newark, Lincoln, Burton, Staffordshire Potteries, &c. Tickets will be available for returning on Monday, March 31; Tuesday, April 1; and Friday, April 4.

\* THURSDAY midnight, MARCH 27, to LEICESTER, LOUGHBOROUGH, NOTTINGHAM, SHEFFIELD, WARRINGTON, STOCKPORT, LIVERPOOL, and MANCHESTER, for 4, 5, or 8 days.

\* SATURDAY NIGHT, MARCH 29, to LEICESTER, LOUGHBOROUGH, NOTTINGHAM, SHEFFIELD, LEEDS, BRADFORD, MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL, &c., for 2, 3, 4, or 7 days; and on MONDAY, MARCH 31, to LEICESTER, LOUGHBOROUGH, and NOTTINGHAM, for 1, 2, 4, or 5 days.

\* Bookings from Woolwich and Greenwich by these trains.

ST. ALBANS, &c.

EASTER MONDAY, March 31, to ST. ALBANS, HARPENDEEN, and LUTON, leaving St. Pancras at 10.17, 11.5 a.m., and 1.15 p.m., and to BEDFORD at 10.17 a.m.

SOUTHEND-ON-SEA.

CHEAP WEEK-END AND DAY EXCURSION TICKETS will be issued to SOUTHEND-ON-SEA during the Easter Holidays, as announced in Special Bills.

WEEK-END TICKETS

will be issued on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, March 27, 28, and 29, from London (St. Pancras) to the PRINCIPAL SEASIDE AND INLAND HOLIDAY RESORTS, including the Peak District of Derbyshire, Morecambe, Lake District, Yorkshire, the North-East Coast, and Scotland, available for return on any day up to and including Tuesday, April 1, except day of issue.

Tickets and Programmes may be had at the MIDLAND STATIONS and City Booking Offices, and from Thos. Cook and Son, Ludgate Circus, and Branch Offices.

ORDINARY TRAIN SERVICE NOTICES.

On Good Friday the Trains will run as appointed for Sundays, with the following exceptions—

The Newspaper Express will leave ST. PANCRAS at 5.15 a.m. and call at Bedford at 6.13 a.m., Leicester at 7.16, Nottingham 8.18, Derby 8.10, Shefield 8.54, Leeds 10.50 a.m., Manchester (Central) 10.7 a.m., and Liverpool (Central) at 11.15 a.m.

The Night Expresses will leave GLASGOW at 9.30 and EDINBURGH at 10 p.m. on Good Friday, March 28, and proceed from CARLISLE at 12.22 and 12.45 a.m., respectively, on Saturday morning, March 29, in the same way as on ordinary week-days; the 12.23 a.m. Carlisle to London will not run on Saturday morning, March 29.

IRELAND.—The 3.10 a.m. CARLISLE to STRANRAER, and 9.8 p.m. STRANRAER HARBOUR to CARLISLE (in connection with trains from and to London and the South and West), will run as usual in connection with Steamers to and from Ireland.

The Steamers between BARROW and BELFAST will sail on GOOD FRIDAY in both directions. That from Barrow will await the arrival of the 5 p.m. Train from Leeds.

ON SATURDAY, MARCH 29, EASTER MONDAY, MARCH 31, and TUESDAY, APRIL 1, certain booked trains will be WITHDRAWN, of which due notice will be given by JOHN MATHIESON, General Manager.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.  
EASTER EXCURSIONS.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS will be run from EUSTON, KENSINGTON (Addison Road), BROAD STREET, WOOLWICH, WILLESDEN JUNCTION, and other London Stations, as follows—

ON WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26, to DUBLIN, GREENORE, BELFAST, Ardglass, Armagh, Bray, Bundoran, Cork, Downpatrick, Dundalk, Enniskillen, Galway, Greystones, Killaloe, Killarney, Limerick, Londonderry, Newcastle (co. Down), Newry, Ovoca, Portrush, Sligo, Thurlies, Warrenpoint, Westport, Wexford, Wicklow, and other places in Ireland. To return within 16 days.

ON WEDNESDAY MIDNIGHT, MARCH 26, to Blackburn, Blackpool, Bolton, Carlisle, Carnforth, Chorley, English Lake District, Fleetwood, Furness Line Stations, Lancaster, Lytham, Maryport, Morecambe, Penrith, Preston, St. Helens, Southport, Whitehaven, Workington, Wigton, &c., returning March 31, April 1 or 2.

ON THURSDAY, MARCH 27, to ABERDOVEY, ABERGAVENNY, ABERGELE, ABERYSTWYTH, BANGOR, BARMOUTH, BETTWYS-Y-COED, BLAENAU FESTINIOG, BRYNMAWN, BUILTH WELLS, CARMARTHEN, CARNARVON, COLWYN BAY, CONWAY, CRICCIETH, DOLGELLAU, DOLWYD, EBBW VALE, HARLECH, HEREFORD, HOLYHEAD, LLANBERIS, LLANDILLO, LLANDRINDOD, LLANDUDNO, LLANGAMMARCH, LLANWRTYD, MERTHYR, OSWESTRY, PWLHLI, RHYD, SHREWSBURY, SWANSEA, TREDEGAR, WELLINGTON, WELSHPOOL, WREXHAM, &c., returning March 31, April 1 or 2.

To ASHBOURNE, BIRKENHEAD, BIRMINGHAM, BURTON, BUXTON, CHESTER, COVENTRY, DERBY, DUDLEY, LEAMINGTON, LEICESTER, MACCLESFIELD, NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE COMPANY'S STATIONS, NUNEATON, RUGBY, TAMWORTH, THORPE CLOUD (for DOVEDALE), WALSALL, WARWICK, WOLVERHAMPTON, &c., returning MARCH 31, APRIL 1 or 2.

To CARLISLE, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, ABERDEEN, ARBROATH, AYR, BALLATER, BANFF, BRECHIN, BUCKIE, CALLANDER, CASTLE DOUGLAS, CRIEFF, CRUEN, BAY, DUMBARTON, DUNFRIES, DUNDEE, DUNKELD, ELGIN, FORFAR, FORT WILLIAM, GOUROCK, GREENOCK, INVERNESS, KEITH, KIRKCUDBRIGHT, MOFFAT, MONROE, NAIRN, NEWTON ST. STEWART, OBAN, PERTH, STIRLING, STRATHPEFFER, WHITHORN, WIGTON, and other places in Scotland, returning MARCH 31 or APRIL 1 or within 16 days.

ON THURSDAY MIDNIGHT, MARCH 27, to CREWE, LIVERPOOL, STAFFORD, WARRINGTON, &c., returning MARCH 31, APRIL 1 or 2.

ON SATURDAY MIDNIGHT, MARCH 29, to LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, OLDHAM, STOCKPORT, &c., returning MARCH 31, APRIL 1, 2, or 5.

ON MONDAY MORNING, MARCH 31, to BIRMINGHAM, COVENTRY, DUDLEY, KENILWORTH, LEAMINGTON, WARWICK, RUGBY, WALSALL, WEDNESBURY, WOLVERHAMPTON, &c., returning same day or on April 1 or 4. (No bookings from KENSINGTON or WOOLWICH by this train.)

For Times, Fares, and full particulars, see Small Bills, which can be obtained at any of the Company's Stations and Town Offices.

FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

EUSTON STATION, LONDON, MARCH 1902.

## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

*The King and the Grand National.*

The King is certain to receive a splendid ovation at the Grand National, and all good sportsmen must regret the fact that His Majesty's horse, Ambush II., has had to be scratched for his future engagements owing to the fact that he has gone lame. His Majesty's connection with the Turf may be said to have begun some thirty-five years ago, when he became a member of the Jockey Club, but it was not till some time after this that he actually ran horses himself. At first the Royal colours were not very successful, but within recent years the King may be said to have done exceedingly well; indeed, as long ago as 1895 the then Prince of Wales stood tenth in the list of winning owners, and the following year saw the Heir-Apparent win the Blue Ribbon of the Turf with Persimmon. This was the fourth time in the history of the Turf that the Derby had been won by a Royal owner. Two years ago this record was beaten again, for the happily named Diamond Jubilee won the Derby for the then future King.

*The Prince Among the Scientists.*

To-day (19th) the Prince of Wales opens the National Physical Laboratory at Bushey House. His Royal Highness, like King Edward, has always taken an unaffected interest in what may be called the romance of research, and, doubtless, he will spend a pleasant hour being shown round the Laboratory by Lord Rayleigh, Sir William Huggins, and Dr. Glazebrook. Pretty, old-world Teddington will be *en fête* for the occasion, the more so that the Lord Mayor will attend in State, while the Government is to be represented by Mr. Gerald Balfour, who, it will be remembered, is Lord Rayleigh's brother-in-law, as well as President of the Board of Trade. The most interesting of the many objects to which the Prince of Wales's attention will be drawn are the telescopic sights for the big naval guns. Bushey House has been for over a hundred years a Royal residence, and for long it was occupied by the Duc de Nemours—indeed, it was there that his saintly Duchess died in exile. By Queen Victoria's special desire, the interesting old mansion was transferred to the Royal Society, and the transfer-deed was actually the last official document which received our late beloved Sovereign's signature.

*Two Royal Guests.* Prince and Princess Albert of Flanders, who are expected to spend a fortnight in this country towards the end of March, are, as those who gaze on their portraits will readily understand, among the most happily mated of younger



PRINCE AND PRINCESS ALBERT OF FLANDERS.

Photograph by Elvira, Munich.

Royalties. Prince Albert, who is the future King of the Belgians, was named in memory of the Prince Consort, from whose uncle, King Leopold, he is descended. His pretty Princess, who has only recently

presented him with a son and heir, is one of the several charming daughters of the Royal oculist, Duke Theodor of Bavaria. Since the marriage the Belgian Court has been very brilliant, and last year several English débutantes made there their débüt.

*Kaiser and Coquelin.*

The German Emperor always sets an excellent example by faithfully keeping his promises (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*). When

the famous Coquelin was in Berlin, some weeks ago, the Kaiser promised him that he would be one of the first to attend his coming performance of "Cyrano de Bergerac." Now it so happened that the time of Coquelin's second visit to Berlin was most inconvenient. The first performance of the great piece was to be given on the day following the Emperor's necessary departure for Bremerhaven. However, the Emperor was determined not to be baffled. His Majesty "commanded" Coquelin to give a special matinée on the day preceding. "Cyrano de Bergerac" was, therefore, played to a select company of ten persons, consisting of the Emperor and the Empress, Count Hochberg, and some of the suite. Just before attending this special matinée, His Majesty had paid his annual visit to the monument in the Thiergarten erected to the memory of the late Queen Louisa. The weather was unusually cold, and, unlike former years, the ground was covered far and wide with snow. The flowers that decorated the simple though stately statue were, therefore, not nearly so effective as they are generally. Many of the assembled Berliners were greatly vexed by the unnecessary precautions taken by the police, who allowed nobody to approach till after the Emperor had visited the statue privately. This was doubly annoying to the loyal townsmen as they had taken the trouble to rise betimes to pay their respects: the unbending officers of the law kept them a long time shivering in the snow, and allowed none to approach till the Kaiser had been to the spot and gone again.

*The New Palace at Potsdam.*

The New Palace at Potsdam is now being retouched during the absence of their Majesties. Scaffolding is up outside, and alterations are being made within. I might here suggest to anyone who happens to be coming to Berlin in the near future that he or she should pay a visit to the New Palace. It would more than repay the trouble. The Palace in itself is a model one in every way, so far as the actual general plan of the building is concerned. The most fascinating part, though, of all is undoubtedly the so-called "Muschelsaal," or "Shell Room." It almost defies description. It is also quite unique. As one passes through the various halls and rooms of the Palace with the guide, one is not struck to any great degree by the actual beauty of the rooms themselves, though the contents thereof, in the shape of priceless furniture, including the spinet and music-stand used by Frederick the Great, are deserving of more attention than is bestowed by the average visitor; but the first sight of the interior of the "Shell Room" is nothing short of entrancing.

One almost thinks that one is being shown a scene out of "The Arabian Nights." Walls and ceiling of this marvellous vaulted hall shimmer and shine with invaluable precious stones, all in the rough. Blocks of solid amber gleam in the corners, blue masses of priceless malachite nestle in corners amongst lines and lines of many-hued shells, purple blocks of splendid amethyst radiate the light from the quaint Castle windows; rubies and sapphires, rock-crystal and marble, enormous slabs of American tree-rock, emeralds and turquoise—all dazzle the eyes of the astonished visitor. The whole of the ceiling and each of the walls are nothing but a blaze of topaz, quartz, sapphires, amber, amazon-stone, jade, cats'-eyes, and every kind of precious stone and mineral. Weird serpents, alligators, and snakes are formed of glittering jewels. Look where one will, one cannot escape the omnipresence of untold wealth profusely set fast in the walls and ceiling, and forming, especially when the sun is shining upon them or when artificial light is shed upon the whole, a fairy-like, entrancing, I might almost say stupefying, effect. This can, of course, be seen only when their Majesties are away from the Castle. It is said that the New Palace will not welcome them back now for some weeks to come, so those who wish to see this unique and wondrous room should make good the opportunity if and when it occurs.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN HER CONFIRMATION-DRESS.

*Methuen's Capture.* As was, indeed, to be expected, the sad news of Lord Methuen's capture was received here in Berlin with a considerable amount of satisfaction. The streets at nine in the evening became suddenly alive with newspaper-men (for men and women and not boys sell the papers here in the streets), and thousands of "Extra-Blatter," or big-lettered broadsheets, were distributed gratis by the local Berlin paper. People in the trams took these again out from their pockets and scanned them with delight, and, if any English people happened to be in their midst, they were pointedly asked if they had heard the latest news. For all that, however, I must remark here that the Berliners are always most courteous to their English residents; the feeling in the matter of the Transvaal War seems to be decidedly animated more by real sympathy for a plucky enemy than by deep-rooted hatred of the English. This, I understand, is the very reverse in the provinces, where any English people who happen to be living there are often subjected to most unmistakable unfriendly treatment.

*Superstition in Berlin.* A curious example of superstition was made public the other day through the medium of the Law Courts (adds my Berlin Correspondent). A tree growing opposite the gateway of a small farmer was noticed to be withering away and dying. On further investigation, it was found that a deep hole had been bored in it, probably by some person who wished to kill it. As the tree somewhat incommoded the entrance to the farmer's house, he was charged with the deed and fined thirty shillings. He, however, appealed to a higher Court, and succeeded in proving that the hole had been bored by some superstitious person who believed in the old adage prevalent here, that, if illness attacks a



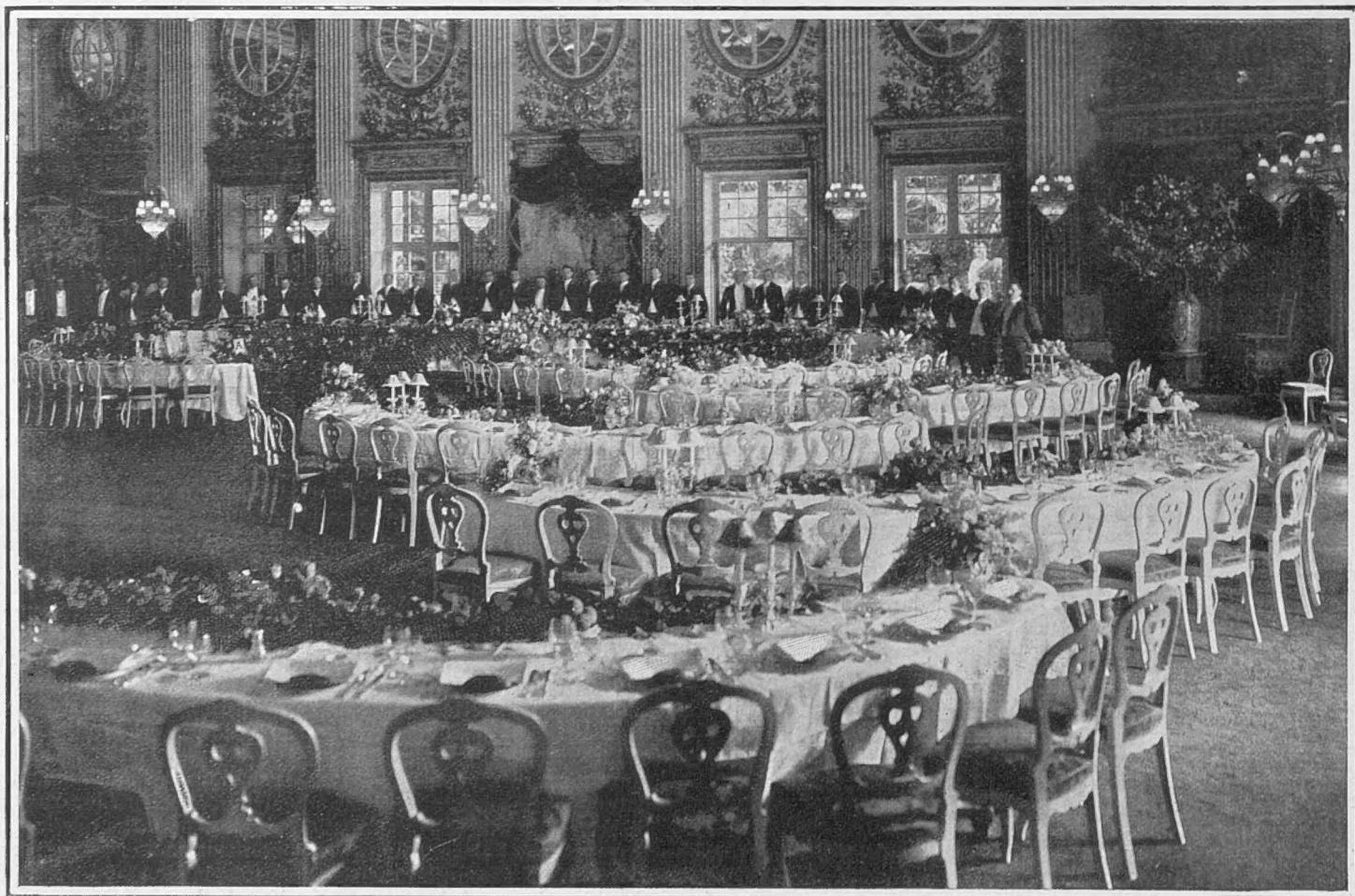
MISS EVA MOORE, NOW PLAYING LADY HETTY WREY IN  
" PILKERTON'S PEERAGE," AT THE GARRICK.

*Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.*

household, it can be driven away by "burying" it in a healthy tree. A hole is bored in the tree, all kinds of medicines are buried in the hole, which is then carefully stopped up, amidst the singing of weird incantations. This could have been done by any superstitious person in the neighbourhood, the farmer pointed out. The Judge acquitted him.

*Prince Henry's Republican Feast.* Far more substantial than a mere feast of reason and a flow of wit was the sumptuous banquet offered to Prince Henry of Prussia by a select circle of American millionaires. Although each *couvert*, to use the language of the French restaurant, is said to have cost upwards of a hundred pounds, studied simplicity was the note. Very wonderful were the floral decorations, and probably the greater part of the large sum spent on the banquet went in providing these fragrant accessories. "Sherry's," where the Prince was entertained by his Republican hosts, is noted for its wonderful cuisine, supposed to be equally suitable to the palate of the gourmet and of the man who eats to live and does not live to eat.

*Where Shelley went to School.* Mr. G. A. Henty weaves romances that boys love so well at 33, Lavender Gardens, Clapham Common, while Mr. George Manville Fenn spins those yarns also beloved of boys at Syon Lodge, Isleworth. There is another literary link with Isleworth. Syon House, Isleworth, just offered for sale, was the scene of the poet Shelley's earliest experiences at that school, when conducted by Dr. Greenlaw. The poet was then aged ten and often walked over to a circulating library in Brentford for books. Mr. F. Turner, Librarian of the Brentford Free Library, has established the authenticity of the house, which his friend Medwin,



THE GREAT LUNCHEON TO PRINCE HENRY AT "SHERRY'S," IN NEW YORK. THE TABLES PREPARED.  
*Photograph by Byron, New York.*

a fellow-pupil, declared was "a perfect hell to Shelley." This eccentric and excitable scholar entered the school just a hundred years ago. Colonel G. Brodie Clark has been in possession of the house since it ceased to be a school. It has been called a bad middle-class school, where the persecutions

of his schoolfellows awakened in Shelley the horror of oppression and a spirit of resistance to tyranny which characterised him in after-life.

*A Poet- King Oscar  
King.*

King Oscar is one of England's best friends; indeed, it is whispered that he is the only really pro-British, as opposed to pro-Boer, Sovereign in Europe. This is, perhaps, the more gratifying when it is remembered that he is not directly connected with our Royal Family, and also that he is descended from one

OSCAR II., KING OF SWEDEN

Photograph by Lina Tonn, Lund.

of Napoleon's great Generals, Bernadotte. King Oscar has great literary gifts; he has published more than one volume of verse, and he is never happier than when surrounded by literary people. The ruler of Sweden has anything but an easy task, for, though personally popular, he has in Norway a problem which is even more serious than is that of Ireland to our Government. He is, however, fortunate in his Heir-Apparent. The Crown Prince of Sweden is a sensible man, devoted to his father, and on the best of terms with Swedish statesmen and public men in every rank of life. It is probable that the Crown Prince and Crown Princess, the latter a first-cousin of the German Emperor, will represent Sweden at the Coronation.

*The Return of  
Mr. Balfour.*

Everybody was glad to see Mr. Balfour back in his place in the House of Commons last week. He was pleased by the cordial reception which was given to him by members on both sides. Nationalists did not cheer, but looked at him in a kindly manner. Whether his leadership be efficient or not, Mr. Balfour is certainly a general favourite. Scarcely anyone bears a grudge against him. Influenza has, unfortunately, left its mark on his face and figure, as he looks thin and wan and he walks rather wearily.

*Disloyalty in the  
House.*

The most disgraceful incident in the House of Commons within living memory was that which occurred when Mr. Brodrick read the despatch announcing the defeat and capture of Lord Methuen. While British members were pained and humiliated, Irish Nationalists cheered and shouted exultingly. "Shame, shame!" cried loyal men, Liberals as well as Unionists; but many of the Nationalists, instead of restraining their feelings, leaned forward in their benches and continued to laugh and cheer. Mr. Redmond was absent, and Mr. Dillon tried to repress some of the demonstrative colleagues near him. Discretion, however, was thrown to the winds by disloyalty, and the Home Rulers did their

cause more harm in a couple of minutes than "C.-B." will undo during his leadership.

*A Nationalist in  
the Chair.*

Chairman of Committee. The Irish-Canadian statesman, who, of course, takes no part in disloyal or indecorous demonstrations, is one of the casual Chairmen appointed by the Speaker, and Mr. Jeffreys, the new Deputy-Chairman, having gone home after a long sitting, Mr. Blake took his place at midnight. As this was his first appearance, the House watched him with great interest. He had only to put two formal resolutions to the Committee, but he was cheered laughingly by the Irish and some of the Ministers complimented him. Mr. Arthur O'Connor was for several Sessions a casual Chairman.

*The late Major  
Veitch.*

of the late Mr. R. T. Veitch, of Exeter. He commenced his medical studies at the Devon and Exeter Hospital, completed them at Guy's, and then went to the West Indies in the Government service. Later on he went to South Africa and engaged in private practice, and then served for five years with Sir Frederick Carrington's little army in Mashonaland. On the outbreak of the present War he joined the Cape Mounted Rifles as Medical Officer, and served with various columns, being repeatedly under fire. Constant exposure brought on acute rheumatism, and in August of last year he returned home for rest and change. In November, though he well knew that his heart was seriously affected, Major Veitch started again for South Africa, and was engaged at Cape Town in examining recruits for the Colonial corps. Unfortunately, he had overtaxed his strength, and he died the other day, at the early age of forty-four, as truly a martyr for King and country as any of the brave fellows who have fallen in the brunt of battle.

Major Quinten R. Veitch, whose recent death at Cape Town has caused deep regret to a wide circle of friends in the West Country, was a son



THE LATE MAJOR Q. R. VEITCH,  
CAPE MEDICAL STAFF CORPS.

Photograph by Browning, Exeter.

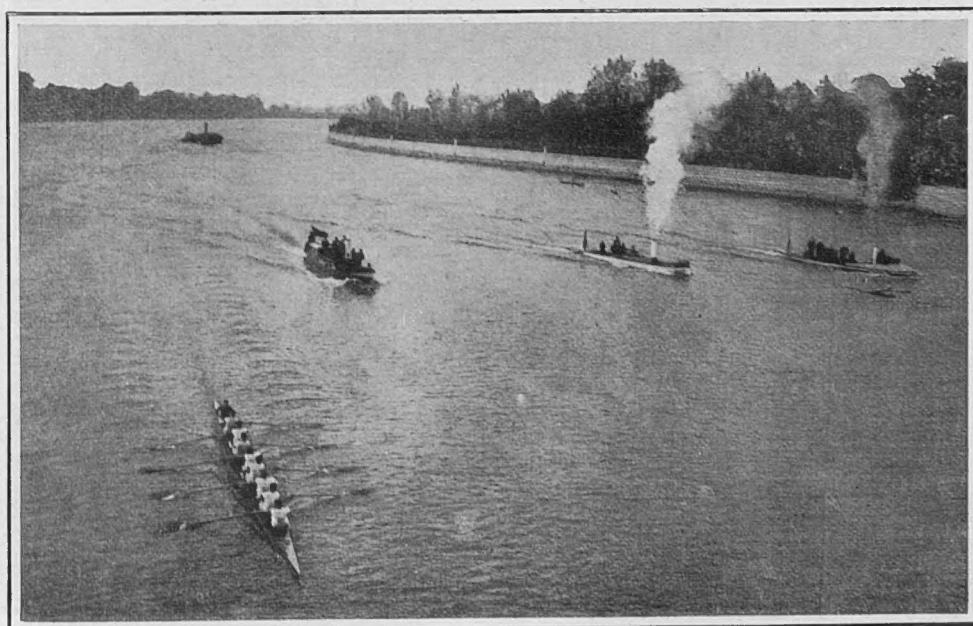
*Lord Rosebery on  
Coronation  
Celebrations.*

The question of how the Coronation celebrations are to be carried out is exercising the minds of the civic rulers in various municipalities. Edinburgh calculates to spend ten thousand pounds, of which sum Lord Provost Steel has already subscribed a thousand. A historical pageant of Kings and Queens has been suggested by Mr. Burn Murdoch, an artist, also illuminations, bonfires, and dinners for the poor. Sir William Turner said at a meeting of citizens that no town in the world would better lend itself to a spectacular display than Edinburgh, with the ridge of the High Street and its lofty buildings, terminating in the battle-marked Castle Rock.

They had the venerable tower of St. Giles with its imposing crown and the long vista of Princes Street. Lord Rosebery agreed with Sir William Turner that an illumination of the City of Edinburgh is one of the most beautiful sights that the eye of man can see. He was at school when our present King and his gracious Consort were married, and never could he forget the fairy lines of light that spread along the Castle Hill. But in the month of June such a thing is not so possible. A historical pageant would need to be well arranged to be successful. The great thing would be to make the people happy on that day; something to recall to them that their monarchs are popular monarchs and wish well to the people.

*Mr. Sterling  
Mackinlay.*

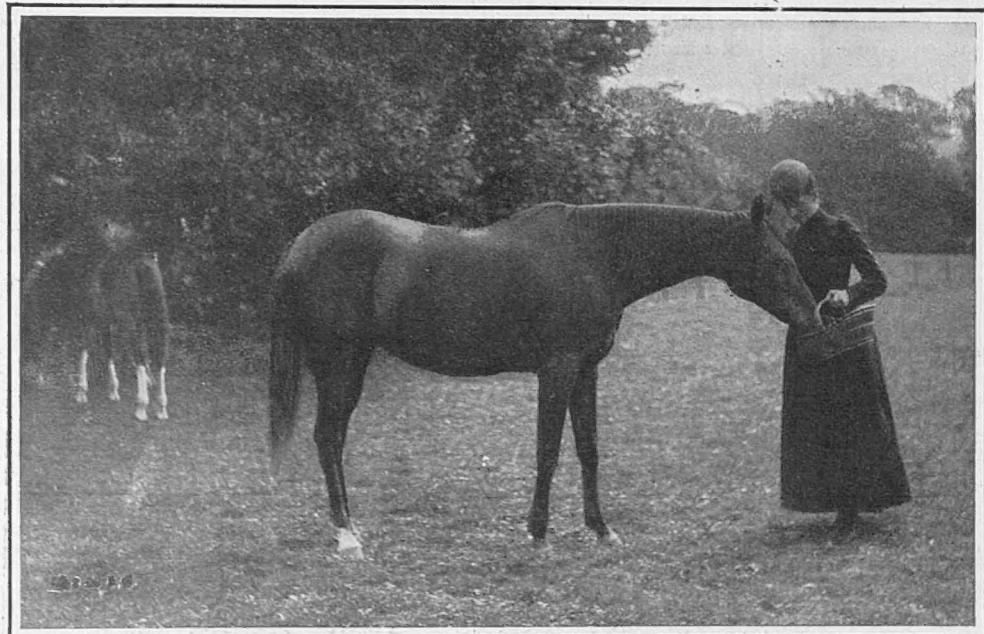
Mr. Sterling Mackinlay, the son of Madame Antoinette Sterling, gave a concert at Bechstein Hall on Thursday last, when he sang songs of Schumann, Schubert, Rubinstein, and others, also the quaint old Devonshire ditty, "Widdicombe Fair." Mr. Mackinlay has an excellent baritone voice of considerable volume and power, and his singing is animated and vigorous. He bids fair worthily to sustain the fame of an artiste for years past one of the most popular in our concert-rooms.



THE INTER-VARSITY BOAT-RACE: THE OXFORD CREW AFTER THEIR ROW OVER THE COURSE. TAKEN FROM PUTNEY BRIDGE.

*A Ducal Horsewoman.*

The Duchess of Bedford is an enthusiastic horsewoman, and is, indeed, devoted to all animals. Accordingly, there is something peculiarly fitting in the fact that she is now part-owner of the finest of private "Zoos." The Duchess has a wonderful knowledge of dumb creatures. She possesses the rare art of taming them, and even of teaching them complicated tricks, entirely by kindness. One of her favourite horses could certainly give points in the matter of trick-performances to any



THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD, AN ENTHUSIASTIC HORSEWOMAN.

Photograph by Reid, Wishaw.

of the four-footed marvels that are exhibited in circuses. Should the Queen's train at the Coronation be borne by four Duchesses, it is probable that her Grace of Bedford will be one of the quartet. The fact that the Duke was selected to receive the Garter is an indication of how highly the heads of the great house of Russell are regarded at Court.

*Lady Susan Beresford.*

Lady Susan Beresford, whose engagement to a son of Lord Downe has just been announced, is the only unmarried sister of Lord Waterford. She is a true Irish girl, devoted to outdoor life in all its aspects, and an intrepid and skilful horsewoman. She shares her love of sport with her two greatest friends, Lady Constance Butler and Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew. Lady Susan Beresford is one of the descendants of the venerable Dowager-Duchess of Abercorn, her mother having been a sister of the present Duke, and she is, of course, a niece of that popular and distinguished sailor, Lord Charles Beresford.

*Ducal Birthdays in March.* The month of March has been called a lion—it has also been likened to a lamb; but, amongst its peers, it is certainly a maker of Dukes. No less than five wearers of the strawberry-leaves celebrate birthdays in March, but, by a paradox, the Earl of March, who will be Duke of Richmond, Lennox, Gordon, and d'Aubigny, has his birthday in December. The month opens with a natal for his Grace of Leinster; the Duke of Manchester follows on the 3rd, the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon on the 6th, his Grace of Wellington on the 15th, and on the 26th the Duke of St. Albans, on which day also, in the year 1819, the veteran Duke of Cambridge first saw the light—not in England, however, but in Hanover, the Electorate and Kingdom from which his family were promoted, by good-fortune no less than descent, to sovereign place in the British Empire. On the 30th of the same month, the Earl of Dalkeith, heir to the Duke of Buccleuch, has his birthday, so that, take it as you will, the month of lambs and lions has certainly not been unkindly to the Dukes.

*Lord Rosebery in Glasgow.*

Lord Rosebery when in Glasgow spoke several times—at the great political gathering in St. Andrew's Hall, to the students as their Lord Rector in the Bute Hall, at the Exchange, and the luncheon afterwards. The St. Andrew's Hall meeting was crowded with an audience of four thousand people, although twenty thousand

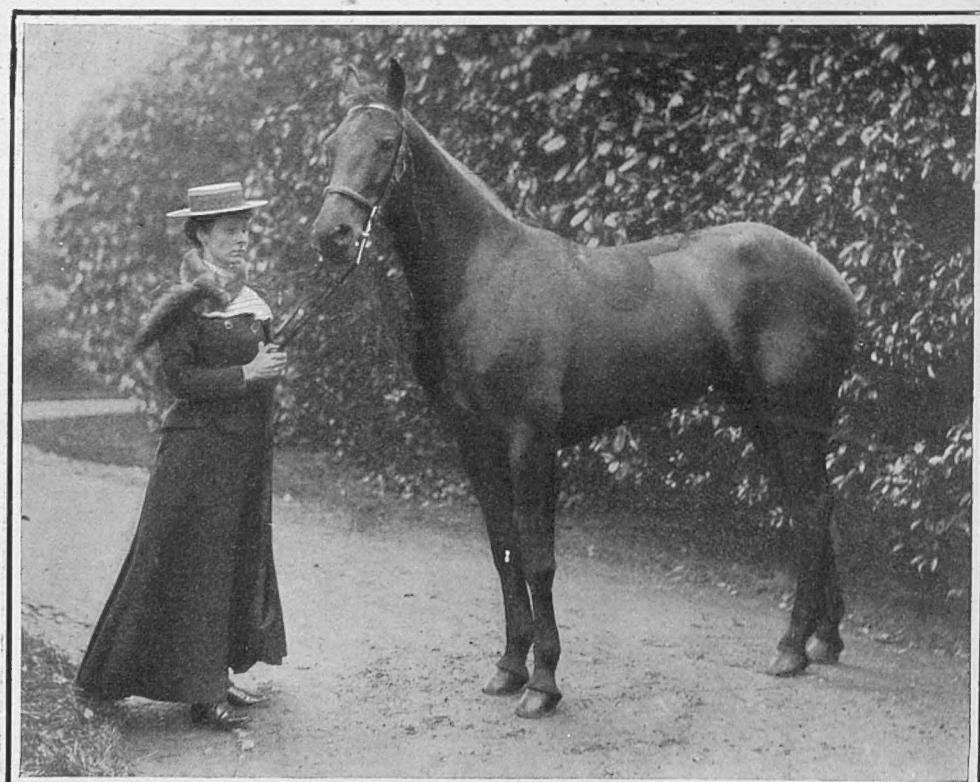
had tried to be present. St. Andrew's Halls are situated in Berkley Street and Kent Road, off Sauchiehall Street, and were completed in 1878 at a cost of £80,000. Many brilliant municipal and political gatherings have been held where Lord Rosebery added another political speech to the number which have been discussed in all the newspapers. The students in the Bute Hall, before the arrival of his Lordship, made the place a perfect pandemonium, with cat-calls, penny whistles, bagpipes, and other outrageous sounds. Lord Rosebery was fresh and jaunty on the morning after his great speech, and told the students that the Rectorship had been a source of great pleasure to him. Regarding the reverse in South Africa to Lord Methuen, we had got to see this thing through, and must take the blows which Fortune deals us with an equanimity which shows that we are worthy of better fortune in days to come. It would be a proud memory to them afterwards that at this time the country did not flinch. His Lordship's face was "wreathed in smiles" as he left Glasgow for Dalmeny.

*Colonel Hon. Julian Byng.* Colonel the Hon. Julian Byng, 10th Hussars, who is engaged to be married to Miss Evelyn

Moreton, is a son of the second Earl of Strafford by a second marriage with a daughter of the first Lord Chesham. There is consequently a matter of thirty years between him and the late Peer who some little time since so tragically met his death. The present Earl is twenty-nine years senior to his brother. Colonel Byng's *fiancée* is the only child of the Hon. Richard and Mrs. Moreton. Her father, who was originally in the Royal Navy, was Marshal of the Ceremonies to the late Queen. He is the youngest son of the second Earl of Ducie, an Earldom which owes much to the City of London, of which the founder of the family was Alderman and Lord Mayor. In spite of a loss of eighty thousand pounds in the cause of Charles I.,

whose banker he unfortunately was, Sir Robert Ducie managed to leave behind him no less a sum than four hundred thousand pounds, which, considering the times and the instability of Throne, Peers, and Commons, was a remarkable achievement. Mrs. Richard Moreton has been for some years Lady-of-the-Bedchamber to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Albany. She is a sister of Mr. Pandeli Ralli, of Belgrave Square, with whom Lord Kitchener so constantly stays when in England. Miss Moreton is very good-looking, of rather more the Italian type than English—brilliant colouring and fine black eyes. She is an accomplished actress and has made her mark in some well-known theatricals.

The production of "Francesca di Rimini" in Italy reminds me that the composer, Cagnoni, wrote an opera on the subject about twenty years ago. It has been revived in Rome with considerable success.



LADY SUSAN BERESFORD AND HER FAVOURITE HUNTER.

Photograph by Poole, Waterford.

*Double Peerages.* Regarding double Peerages, such as Richmond and Gordon, and those already referred to, they, of course, stand for separate creations which have become merged in one possessor; but there are one or two cases to the contrary which were the cause of much indignation among the Peers at the time of their creation. The most notable offender—and, I believe, the first to start a most misleading precedent—was Lord Brougham. The great advocate was proud of his maternal descent from the ancient family of Vaux, which Lord Denbigh also represents in the collateral line through the noble family of St. Lys, and endeavoured to claim a barony of that name. On attaining the Woolsack, he utilised the influence inseparable from that high position to get himself called to the Upper House as Lord Brougham and Vaux, as if, indeed, he were the holder of double baronies. A famous epigram of the day is worth recalling—

"I wonder if Brougham thinks as much as he talks,"  
Said a punster, perusing a trial;  
"I vow since his Lordship was made Baron Vaux  
He's been Vaux et præterea nihil."

A jeu d'esprit which was infinitely palatable to the wits.

It was not long before Lord Brougham's pernicious example found an imitator, for, a few years later, Sir Philip Charles Shelley Sidney

warning as a brilliant dramatist with a full knowledge of the immensely difficult technique of the stage.

*A Benevolent Ambassador to the States.* *Bon Voyage* to Mr. Alfred Moseley, C.M.G., whose name will be remembered by readers of *The Sketch* as that of the munificent donor of the Princess Christian Hospital, which has rendered

such valuable services in South Africa during the War. Mr. Moseley has now thrown himself heart and soul—and pocket—into another public-spirited scheme, which is likely to benefit in the most practical way the rising generation of British youth who will have to work for their living. Mr. Moseley leaves Liverpool to-day (the 19th inst.) by the *Oceanic* for the United States to prepare the way for his influential and authorised Educational and Labour Commissions, whose inquiries are confidently expected to yield good fruit in the autumn.

*Sir Henry Irving's American Tour.* Sir Henry Irving will finish his most successful American tour next Saturday, and will, after a few days' rest among certain New York friends, embark for England. He will make his welcome reappearance at the Lyceum on or about April 26, in the adaptation of "Faust" prepared by the late W. G. Wills, and now revised by his sometime pupil and secretary, Mr. Alfred C. Calmour, who has long been a



A SCENE FROM "THE GIRL FROM MAXIM'S," THE FRENCH FARCE TO BE PONED IN ENGLISH AT THE CRITERION TO-MORROW NIGHT.

Photograph by Byron, New York.

obtained a single patent creating himself Lord De L'Isle and Dudley, finding, doubtless, that the fact of being son-in-law to the King stood him in as good stead as being Keeper of the King's Conscience. Lord De L'Isle and Dudley was of a younger branch of the Shelleys, Baronets of Castle Goring, now represented by Sir Charles Shelley, who married Lady Mary Stopford, daughter of Lord Courtown. He was, consequently, a cousin of the great but unfortunate poet, and, like Lord Powis and his ancestor, the incomparable Clive, he abjured a name immortal in the annals of genius for one illustrious in the links of lineage.

*John Oliver Hobbes.* The meeting of the "O.P." Club next Sunday at the Criterion is one of very great interest to playgoers, since Mrs. Craigie—otherwise "John Oliver Hobbes"—is going to give a lecture on a curious subject, "The Art of Composing Dialogue." Both as dramatist and novelist, Mrs. Craigie has shown such remarkable power of writing dialogue that she is clearly a great authority. One can hardly hope that she will be able to give a recipe for being witty; but it is conceivable that there are some mechanical rules in the matter, and that, although one cannot be witty by rule, one may at least avoid the many faults so often committed by less brilliant people than the successful novelist who surprised our little world by appearing almost without

poetical playwright on his own account. It was Mr. Calmour who wrote "The Amber Heart" for Miss Ellen Terry, and, indeed, he once prepared for Sir Henry an unfinished play by Mr. Wills on the subject of Dante, a personage who is now being dramatically treated for Sir Henry by Victorien Sardou. Miss Ellen Terry, who, as I pointed out last August, will not reappear in "Faust" with Sir Henry, but will wait for certain other revivals, will, pending her running of a short suburban tour, enact the character of Katharine of Aragon in Mr. F. R. Benson's grand revival of "King Henry the Eighth" at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, on the anniversary of the birthday of the play's reputed author—namely, on April 23. I say "reputed author" not in any Bakspelian sense, but because anyone who examines Avon's Swan's works must, of necessity, come to the conclusion that much of this play is by another hand. It is pretty safe to assume, however, that most of the characters of Wolsey, Katharine, and the faithful Griffiths are from the quill of William of Stratford. Some chroniclers of to-day appear to think that this will be Miss Terry's first appearance as Katharine. Can they have forgotten that lady's fine impersonation of the part to Irving's great Wolsey at the Lyceum some ten years ago?

St. Patrick's Day was celebrated at the Albert Hall by a grand Irish Festival Concert in which a host of popular vocalists took part.

*The Duke of Cambridge's Host.* Captain Pretyman, M.P., who will have the honour of entertaining the Duke of Cambridge at Orwell Park, his place near Ipswich, after the return of His Royal Highness from the Riviera, to cut the first sod of the Mid-Suffolk Light Railway at Westerfield Junction, is a typical Englishman. He is tall and good-looking, and devoted to every species of sport, shooting and fishing especially. He married in 1894 Lady Beatrice Bridgeman, eldest daughter of the present Lord Bradford, but it was not until after her marriage that her father's succession to the Earldom gave Mrs. Pretyman the step in precedence. Her sister is Lady Dalkeith, wife of the Duke of Buccleuch's eldest son, and another sister has lately become Lady Sefton. The name of the Bridgeman family was originally Newport, derived from the well-known town in Shropshire where they have been settled from very early times. In 1674, the second Lord Newport, of an extinct creation, was created Earl of Bradford, which Peerage ended with the death of the fourth Earl in 1762. He was succeeded in the property by Sir Henry Bridgeman, his nephew, who obtained a new creation of the Bradford honours. Paternally, the present Peer has distinguished forbears, one of whom was Bishop of Chester; another Bishop of the Isle of Man, and a third, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal. Captain and Lady Beatrice Pretyman are frequent visitors to Norway, where they have a beautiful little fishing-lodge which contains many trophies of the skill of husband and wife with rod-and-line. Though so far from England, they have not been beyond reach of our language, as Lady Elphinstone, Mr. and Mrs. Whitmore, and Mr. and Mrs. Lort Phillips were neighbours. Lady Beatrice is *petite* and with a particularly engaging personality; and, to look at her, no one would think that she had either the strength or the determination which her prowess with the rod proves her to possess.

*Lady Percy St. Maur.* Lady Percy St. Maur, who celebrates her birthday this week, has the appropriate name of Violet, and is one of the pretty daughters of the late Lord Annaly. She is tall and dark, has beautiful blue eyes and a taking personality. As the Duke of Somerset has no children, Lord Percy is heir to the Dukedom, which is second only to that of Norfolk in precedence. The Lord Protector, one of the most powerful Peers this country ever produced, a personage brought prominently to the recollection of the will-searchers of this century in their peregrinations through his spacious palace of Somerset House, practically disinherited his eldest son. He caused his patent to give priority in the first instance to his children by a second marriage. Time, however, rectified this injustice by causing the extinction of his successor's line and the ultimate succession of the descendants of the usual heir. Their present Graces are great travellers, and have had many unique experiences in their wanderings. The Duchess of Somerset is able and artistic, and writes well. Lady Percy's sisters are the Dowager Lady Inchiquin, who recently lost her husband, and Lady Coke, whose husband is heir to the Earldom of Leicester. Lord Annaly, brother to Lady Percy St. Maur, has just undertaken the Mastership of the Pytchley Hounds, in succession to Mr. Wroughton.

*"The Follies."* This clever little Pierrot troupe is too well known to require much description. At the Palace, Alhambra, Queen's Hall, and many other places of amusement "The Follies" have delighted large audiences by their burlesques of various kinds of national music, snake-charming (with a feather boa), singing, and Dutch dancing. The leading lady, Miss Evelyn Hughes, was at one time a child-

actress at Drury Lane. During the summer season, "The Follies" are generally to be found at one or other of the popular watering-places on the South Coast, and they have also performed with great success at a Stafford House Bazaar. Mr. Charles Morton—than whom there is no better judge—has a very high opinion of "The Follies," and many have been the tempting offers they have received from America and the Continent. Their home bookings, however, are so large that, fortunately, they have been obliged to decline.

The embodiment of geniality and good-nature, popular in Masonic circles, and one who has rendered good service in the true Masonic spirit on the Board of Benevolence, Mr. James Willing junior is manifestly the right man in the right place as first W. M. of the Willing Lodge (No. 2893), named after him as Past Master and Founder of several other Lodges. The ceremony of consecration, which took place on March 11, was performed to perfection by the V. W. Bro. E. Letchworth, F.S.A., the urbane Grand Secretary, assisted by other Grand Officers as able as V. W. Bro. George Everett, P.G. Treasurer, W. Bro. James Stephens, P.D.G.D. of C., V. W. Bro. Rev. Canon Brownrigg, P.G.C., V. W. Bro. Frank Richardson, P.D.G., Acting G.D.C., and W. Bro. Thomas A. Bullock, P.G.S.B. W. Bro. Willing (who was so fortunate also as to have the support of W. Bro. J. M. McLeod, P.G.S., who had just returned from his melancholy mission to Malta) was lucky also in securing Bro. T. V. Bowater, C.C., as Senior Warden, Bro. Willis H. Wilson, of the firm of Maple and Co., as Junior Warden, and, among the other well-qualified officers, Bro. Albert Gilmer, and Bro. Robert H. McLeod as Secretary. The Willing Lodge, which thus started under the most favourable auspices, set a graceful example, which will doubtless be generally followed, in presenting V. W. Bro. Letchworth, who has brought the impressive ceremony of consecration to a fine art, with a silver breakfast-dish on his approaching marriage. The Grand Secretary has the best wishes of all Masons who know him for his happiness.

*A Pianoforte Recital.*

The excellent pianist, Madame Frickenhaus, who, despite her foreign name, is an Englishwoman, gave a pianoforte recital at Bechstein Hall on Tuesday, playing selections from Schumann, Schütt, the Russian composer Balakiews, and others, with all her old skill and taste. Miss Marie Motto played the violin, and Mr. Lawrence Rea was the vocalist.



MR. JAMES WILLING, JUNIOR,  
WORSHIPFUL MASTER OF THE WILLING LODGE OF FREEMASONS.  
Photograph by the Elite Portrait Company, High Holborn.



"THE FOLLIES," AT THE PALACE THEATRE.

Photograph by H. and Bedford Street, Strand.



## SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

World's Treasures  
at Risk.

How many who have wandered through the glorious galleries of the Louvre, the Luxembourg, or through the splendid museums that exist at every stone's-throw in Paris, imagine that their fate in case of fire is in the hands of untrained youths? (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). So to speak, there is no such thing as a permanent Fire Brigade service of trained and experienced men. Those who man the engines, with the exception of the permanent officers, are simply and solely conscripts doing their three years' military service. Sturdy and agile lads are selected as "Sapeurs Pompiers," and they are trained for this intricate work with the lightning speed devoted to the education of raw levies. Before they are of any use, their three years' service is over. It was this insane system that led to the gutting of the Comédie-Française, which a London or American Fire Brigade would have settled in time for the afternoon performance to take place, and it was this that led to the disastrous fire in the Rue Montmartre last week. Ten minutes for a brigade to get a hundred and fifty yards, and then all standing to military attention, and half of them not knowing what a hydrant meant. They have, however, a quality common to firemen the world over, and that is a reckless bravery and a supreme indifference to their own life when the lives of others are in danger. All honour to them; still, it is not pluck but trained judgment that would save a burning museum or theatre. And Paris has no such guardian.

The bookmakers in Paris have decided on a decisive action. The Constans Law renders bookmaking illegal. At Auteuil several asked to be arrested, with a view to settling a knotty point. They were not laying odds; they were simply accepting money and offering to pay the same price as the official *pari-mutuel* betting machines. Therefore they argued that they stand in precisely the same position as a stockbroker on the Bourse, who accepts so much money and pays on the result of the operation. Even if they won, a new clause would be inserted in the Gaming Laws, at the suggestion of Edmond Blanc, of Monte Carlo fame, in all probability, who, appalled by the evils of gaming, made all tipsters' advertisements illegal two years ago. The irony of it!

*Stormy Theatrical Season.* I really do not know what is in the air; but since last September, when the theatrical season opened, there has been nothing but theatrical rows. Pass over the historic Comédie-Française, which is too well known to be insisted upon. After this, Antoine started a crusade against the Censor, and Porel, of the Vaudeville, backed him up, as he was also a victim of the whims of Anastasia. Before Porel could wash and clean himself up after this bout, down came the shareholders of the Vaudeville, who declared by an enormous majority that his administration was faulty, and threw the house into liquidation. On the top of

this, his wife, Réjane, flung up her part in Pierre Wolff's "Le Cadre," which was in active rehearsal. Georges Feydeau attacked the critics as incompetent, and proved it, as the play he said had been too roughly handled ran just thirteen nights. And now Sarah Bernhardt has almost to be watched to be kept away from Catulle Mendès. "Sainte Thérèse" Mendès regarded as his life's work. Sarah, on her side, declared her character to be the finest she had ever had the chance of incarnating. But Mendès is a business-man as well as a poet. He contended that Sarah was not carrying out the contract in regard to the date of production, and withdrew it when the scenery had been painted and the costumes made. So far, Sarah says she has just managed to control herself; but when she meets Mendès—Ah-ah!

The defeat of Lord Methuen created a very painful impression in fashionable circles in Paris, and even the classes whose object it is to vilify England were milder over the mishap. When the buildings of the Exhibition have been removed and the Champ de Mars laid out, a street will bear the name of Villebois-Mareuil, and it was suggested widely that the action of soldier to soldier which Lord Methuen performed in placing a tomb over the dead French General entitled him to be grouped with famous foreign soldiers in the Army Gallery.

St. Mandé, which lies far east in Paris, has one speciality, and that is the founding of strange Clubs. One faded out recently through dearth—and death—of members. No one was entitled to admission who would not agree that, when it fell to his lot, he would guarantee to drink twelve glasses of absinthe while the bell of the neighbouring tower was solemnly tolling the hour of midnight. One man alone ever did it, the others all dying or going mad after the fifth or sixth glass. Still in search of novel amusements in which apoplexy lurked, St. Mandé founded a prize for the man who could push a barrel of



MISS RUBY RAY, PLAYING IN "A MESSAGE FROM MARS," IN AUSTRALIA.

Photograph by the Bain Studio, Ltd., Brisbane.

wine up a steep hill. The barrel, as a rule, came back to the starting-point alone, and the competitor was taken off on an ambulance. This week the fun-loving district is feting the Hippogache Club, the members of which swear never to eat any meat other than that of the horse. The Chairman, in his address, congratulated the members that they could include half Paris unintentionally in their company; for he guaranteed that two out of six "beefsteaks" in the restaurants had at one time pulled in a cab or ran nowhere on Longchamps Racecourse. And perhaps there is more in this than meets the eye of those unacquainted with Parisian restaurants.

*Barnum's.* On Monday morning, Barnum and Bailey's fitted from the Galerie des Machines on a vast voyage over France. They had a tremendous success. I hear that in the summer they intend to recognise the courtesy that has been extended to them by the Parisian Press and the Foreign Correspondents.



I AM OVERAWED—IN A SUBURBAN THEATRE.

FROM time immemorial, my dear Dollie, it has been the fashion to sneer at the suburbs and suburban people. I don't quite know why this should have been, unless it arose out of the fact that the dwellers in suburbs are healthier and saner than the dwellers in the town and both of these attributes used to be considered rather *bourgeois*. I say "used to be," because, nowadays, it is rather the thing to be healthy and sane. You will find this statement endorsed in that up-to-date play, "The Gay Lord Quex," where the young married woman tells us that her mother carefully instructed her to have no ailment of any kind during the first ten years of her married life, and, after that, never to indulge in anything more serious than a headache.

I suppose one also thought rather pitifully of the suburb because of its distance from the hubbub. Even up to a quite recent date, one might almost as well have lived at Brighton as at Ealing, and Surbiton was much more nearly in touch with the City than West Kensington. A year ago, I knew of few more lonely places than West Kensington. A Warwickshire village was madly, riotously gay in comparison.

However, all that is changed. Instead of the suburbs coming to us for instruction and amusement, we go to the suburbs. True, the arrangements for getting there are not perfected as yet; but some of us have our motor-cars, and to all of us it is open to hire a two-wheeled hackney-carriage. Within the last twelve months, I have discovered all sorts of delightful places outside the magic circle, places that hitherto have been associated in my mind only with musical comedies and halfpenny illustrated papers.

Take, for example, Peckham. Everybody, at some time or other, has heard of Peckham, but I venture to assert that hardly one person in a hundred has ever been there. Why, when I wanted to go there, I had the greatest difficulty to discover anybody who could tell me in which direction it lay, and not a single soul seemed to have the least idea on the subject of getting there. Eventually, I selected the freshest horse in the strongest hansom I could see, and told the man to drive me to Peckham.

To my surprise, he consented without demur, but, then, nothing daunts the London cabman. There are even a few still remaining who will undertake to drive you through the Strand.

The journey down was full of interest. Do you know, my dear Dollie, there are heaps and heaps of streets on the other side of Waterloo Bridge. You would hardly believe it if anybody else told you, but I assure you that we drove for quite half-an-hour without ever once catching a glimpse of the open country. And, just when I was making sure that I heard the bleating

of lambs and could smell the growing turnips, we pulled up at the Regalia Theatre.

It is reported that, when Madame Sarah Bernhardt visited the Imperial Theatre, she was overwhelmed with the majestic beauty of the building. Just in a similar way, I found myself winking and blinking all the time that I was inside the Regalia Theatre. For here was no ordinary West-End house, with dusty seats and draughty doors and cracking ceiling, but—Ah! for the pen of an architect's clerk or a theatrical press-agent that I might do justice to the grace of the auditorium and the magnificence of the refreshment-bars! Pardon my mentioning the bars, my dear Dollie, but I assure you that I have seen no such bars in any theatre before. Of course, I do not desire to pose as an expert on refreshment-bars, but I had a friend with me who has travelled through three continents and made the subject his own. After going thoroughly into the question, this learned person was quite in agreement with me upon the matter. He was also in agreement with me upon any other matter that I liked to name.

The Expert was speechless.

You will be surprised, perhaps, that I should speak of bars in the plural, but so they were. You see, hardly had we recovered our composure after witnessing the splendour of the bar upstairs than a regular patron of the house insisted on our going downstairs to see the other bar—a beautiful oak-panelled room, fitted with horn lanterns and three-cornered chairs and everything else that is delightfully primitive and unexpected. The expert was speechless with admiration, and even the regular patron was rather overcome. The beauties of the place seemed to strike him afresh, as it were.

To get away from the expert, I must tell you that the lofty tone of the audience at the Regalia Theatre is quite in keeping with the splendour of the house. There was none of your West-End favouritism or partisan applause, but a hearty appreciation of good work that thrilled me through and through.

The sad fact of the matter is that, in this part of the town, we have become hypercritical in judging the efforts of our performers. We profess to see no humour in a pun; we turn up our noses at a reference to mothers-in-law; we refuse to relax our countenances in a smile when a painstaking comedian sits suddenly down in a place where is no chair. Now, at the Regalia Theatre, it was refreshing to note an entire absence of any "side" of this kind.

Quite close to me there sat a lady and gentleman and two small children. I decided that the gentleman was in the eating-house line, and had brought his wife and two children to the Regalia Theatre by way of improving their minds with a little musical comedy. It was quite touching, my dear Dollie, to see how the old people entered into the spirit of the thing. You could see at a glance that they were entirely under the influence of their artistic temperaments. They roared at the funny-man, sighed with the lovers, swayed with the dancers, wept over the song about Clara, who, it appeared, died young. The children, I regret to say, filled in the intervals between yawns by surreptitiously pinching each other in the leg. I suspect that they were youthful members of the Peckham Stage Society.

Full of big thoughts, I wandered back to the oak-panelled bar and picked up the expert. I found him conversing in the most earnest manner with the regular patron.

"Yes," they agreed, as I drew near, "there's a soulful something about it that's perfectly irresistible."

"Hello!" I broke in; "still discussing the old oak? Or is it the play?"

"Neither," they cried, scornfully. "We were speaking of whisky!"



Chicot

"HE PASSES SOME HUMOURS AND CAREERS."—HENRY V.



PHIL MAY,

CAST FOR THE PART OF PISTOL IN "HENRY V." ON TOUR.

*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.*

## MR. PHIL MAY, ARTIST AND ACTOR TOO!

A CHAT ABOUT A "SKETCH" MAN WHO HAS BECOME THE MOST CELEBRATED HUMOROUS ARTIST IN THE WORLD.

"PHIL MAY" is a trade-mark, and a very excellent trade-mark, too; "Mr. Phil May" is an impossibility—at least, in the body of an article as opposed to its head-line—as the artist himself admits; while "Mr. Philip May" is possible only within the pages of the "London Directory," where it may be found—with a wrong address.

That fact, however, does not prevent people from writing to him on all sorts of subjects, for the office of *Punch*, for which so much of his characteristic work is done, always finds him; and so does the office of *The Sketch*, for which he also, on occasion, does ditto ditto. By the way, a few days after the famous "Dottyville" drawing appeared in the pages of *Punch*, he received a letter from a lunatic who complained very seriously about the way in which the artist had drawn the lunatic in the picture. It was a very sane letter indeed. "I am a lunatic," he wrote in effect, "but I don't look like an idiot. Your lunatic does. I look far less like an idiot than you do, and lunatics, as a class, don't look any more like idiots than I do." It was signed with the joke "Come Inside." In the light of the criticism, Mr. May looked at his lunatic, and the next time he visits "Dottyville" he will not represent any of its inhabitants as an idiot.

Everybody knows by now that Phil May intends to become an actor, reverting to his earlier calling, for it is a matter of history that he started life in a travelling Company, in which he not only played small parts, but painted the scenery, and, on occasion, made the posters, &c.

When it was announced that he was going to play Pistol in the revival of "Henry V." which is being acted with so much success by his friend, Mr. William Mollison, he received another letter. "I hear you are going on the stage," said the writer. "I have been an actor for thirty-five years, and I shall be delighted to place my experience at your service. If you will lend me twenty pounds I shall be eternally indebted to you." It was one of the things which Mr. Punch would say "would have been better expressed otherwise."

Perhaps, however, as truth, like murder, will out, it was merely the literal statement of an unfortunate fact. At least, it would have been unfortunate if Phil May had seen it in the right light—or rather, not in the right light. Anyway, it served its turn, for that letter has furnished Mr. May with the material for a characteristic sketch which is to appear in his "Summer Annual," a new departure on the old lines, and therefore certain of an enthusiastic welcome by all who admire the work of one of the most characteristic and brilliant artists in black-and-white of our day. Indeed, at the present time, Phil May is more than ordinarily busy, for not only has he the "Summer Annual" on his hands and the winter one to think about, but he is doing a great deal of work for the Coronation Number of *Punch*, and is editing an *édition de luxe* of all the best drawings that have appeared in his own publications.

It has been a tradition that he draws his pictures many times over, cutting out as many lines as possible in each new drawing until at last he is able to represent his ideas with the minimum of lines. It is now time to explode that tradition. It was quite true in the early days, but constant practice has given the artist the innate instinct as to which is the most interesting line to select without all the preliminary work. His constant endeavour is to pick the simplest way of expressing himself pictorially—just as the man who tells a joke wants to do it in as few words as possible—and, while treating it seriously, yet doing it flippantly. In presenting his own illustrated jokes, Phil May cuts out every word which is not necessary. If he can cut the letterpress down to three words, he won't use four, and if he can use one he certainly won't use three. His sketch of a rather battered, be-shawled, and bedraggled old woman, with a black eye, selling a paper called *Larks* is for that reason one of the most satisfying to himself. There is no

explanatory text. The name of the paper is its own explanatory text. In his opinion, the joke and the picture should be inseparable.

When he draws the picture, it is invariably the major part of the joke. Witty and clever things are sent him by the score, but anybody could draw the pictures for them, so they are of no use to him. All the same, he does not disdain the jest that comes unbidden, for even his fecund imagination, as he admits, sometimes comes to the end of its tether, and he is glad of such assistance as he can get.

For those jokes whose illustrations are seemingly drawn with the minimum of trouble—they have in them the maximum effect—he spends laborious hours in making studies. He has studies by the thousands—studies on sheets of paper, studies in note-books—all put away in his studio, in which he invariably works in riding-clothes. His reason for this is eminently characteristic. To dress especially for riding is a nuisance, but he must ride some time in the day. When, therefore, he gets up in the morning, he puts on his riding-clothes, and goes out when he gets the chance. His fondness for horses is demonstrated in his studio, for on the next page he is shown examining the points of the fiery steed. That fiery steed was made in Germany and was bought because it would be "so useful" for making equestrian sketches from. It goes without the saying that that is the one use to

which it is rarely or never put, as it is a toy rather than anything else, because it is so beautifully made.

In his studio, too, Phil May has spent hours with the acting-version of "Henry V.," rehearsing Pistol, which part he plays at times with Mr. Mollison's Company. In the days to come, he may play Autolycus, if Mr. Mollison puts up "A Winter's Tale," as has been said he will. Phil May has, however, no ambition of appearing in parts which would tire him and prevent him going on with his black-and-white work, for that, though a matter of humour to the world at large, is a very serious matter to Phil May himself.

PHIL MAY STUDYING HIS PART OF PISTOL IN "HENRY V."

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

It is, happily, already evident that

Dr. Conan Doyle's book on the War has had considerable effect in influencing foreign opinion, for in Germany and France, and even in Belgium, the more reputable papers have reviewed it copiously, and the general opinion seems to be that the charges of cruelty, especially as against women and children, have been conclusively met and disproved. Indeed, the writer of the review in the *National Zeitung* even praises the humanity which dictated the establishment of the Concentration Camps, and admits that the destruction of Boer farmhouses appears to have been to some extent justified by the Kitchener-Botha correspondence and the similar practice of the Boers in the case of their brethren who had taken the oath of neutrality and the loyal British subjects in Cape Colony and Natal. Dr. Conan Doyle deserves well of his country for the great service he has rendered both professionally and with the pen. Perhaps, in time, he may even convert Pro-Boers nearer home.

Not all alliances, however loudly trumpeted, stand the test of actual danger, but an incident which occurred on the new Japanese destroyer *Asashio*, while running her steam-trials on the Thames the other day, augurs well for the Anglo-Japanese compact. While the boat was travelling at an enormous speed, a terrific crash was heard and the engine-room was absolutely wrecked. Fortunately, no one was killed, though both engine-room and stoke-hold were crowded with English and Japanese. Not one man of either nationality during the terrible moments following the explosion left his post or attempted to go on deck, and the behaviour of the gallant little Japs inspired the men of our Navy with admiration of their sterling qualities, while, no doubt, the sang-froid of the British "Jack Tars" similarly impressed their Japanese comrades.

## "THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

IV. PHIL MAY.



"MORNING!"



"COME AND SIT DOWN."



"THIS IS MY MODEL HORSE."



"I WORK HERE."



"PARDON ME: I AM STUDYING PISTOL."



"I SHALL EAT THE LEEK LIKE THIS."



"PLAY THE MANDOLINE? OF COURSE!"



"JUST ONE, BEFORE YOU GO?"



"SO LONG!"

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

*The Uselessness of Science—Wireless Crime—Smoking by Telegraph—Telephagy (Copyright in U.S.A.)—Impossible Things which have Happened—Marcography and its Social Effects—Free Trade in Telegraphy.*

ALTHOUGH Signor Marconi's invention is now advanced enough to have come within the range of practical Stock Exchange manœuvring, he has still to cross the Atlantic after wiring each of his messages to see that it has arrived, and this, though the recognised routine with London telephones, is too slow for commercial purposes. As a rule, the more interesting experiments are scientifically, the more profoundly useless are their results, and as little information is conveyed by this unsatisfactory stream of "S's" as by that tactful and courteous message of "1, 2, 3" which Mr. Tesla claimed to have received from Mars some time ago. Let Marconi wire something more definite and satisfying that we know and understand, like "I.O.U.," for instance.

Then we shall sell out our Anglo-Americans and our Eastern Extensions for the price of the brokerage and buy Wireless Telegraphs at a fancy Coronation figure. Let Marconi place it in the power of a keen business-man to telegraph from a sinking ship to his manager, "Going down with all hands—insure me at once," and thus turn an apparently unfortunate accident into a clever commercial swindle. In this century we have entered permanently on a state of not-being-surprised-at-anything, and, no doubt, before long wireless electrophony and cinematotelescopy (in which terms all rights are reserved) will enable us to enjoy operas, Parliamentary disturbances, and divorce cases from all over the world at a nominal cost while sitting at home. The telautograph will bring crime within the reach of all by allowing a man in Buenos Ayres to commit forgery in London—a nice point in international law.

Possibly they will counteract this by inventing wireless electrocution, done at any distance without the patient's permission. The fact is that we ought soon to be able to smoke a cigar by wire a hundred miles off. Recollect the dictum of Arago, the French scientist, that "he who asserts anything to be impossible, outside of mathematics, lacks discretion." As Charles Reade says, "The impossible has disguised itself as a fact, and gone through the hollow mockery of taking place." Do not people already get engaged by telephone and married and divorced by telegraph?

Before long, we shall have the string of telegraphic congratulations (customary on such occasions) from every public man, Parliamentary Party, Town Council, Charitable Society, and Sporting Club on this side of the Atlantic offering "felicitations on fresh bond international sympathy and growing Anglo-Saxon *entente*; hearty good wishes for beneficent enterprise"—to be answered from America with, "Deeply touched; reciprocate kind feelings; United States welcomes fresh facilities concluding purchases in England." No one knows what these messages exactly express, but they look well, and the Telegraph Companies encourage them. No doubt, the advantages will be enormous. Criminals fleeing from justice can follow the movements of the police and mislead them with spurious messages. Enemies in war-time can read off our strategy like a book at a safe distance and make their arrangements accordingly. We can pick up messages from our next-door neighbours to their friends commenting sarcastically on ourselves; we can get into libel cases by aërographing actionable remarks about them indiscriminately round our suburb.

When we get connected up with the solar system—as seems probable—we shall constantly receive messages from the wrong planet. For how can we be certain that the Martians have not been industriously sending wireless messages ever since the days of Adam and Eve and the Pharaohs, and, after a final message of abuse at our stupidity or sullenness, given it up in disgust. The Earth may be the most wanting of the planets in business smartness and the slowest in adopting Free Trade in wireless telegrams. Some day we may pick up our *Daily Aërograph* and read the regular Martian column as casually as the reports of the Australian cricket-matches. HILL ROWAN.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

WITH the first instalment of "The Hound of the Baskervilles" Dr. Conan Doyle printed the following notice: "This story owes its inception to my friend, Mr. Fletcher Robinson, who has helped me both in the general plot and in the local details." Mr. Fletcher Robinson is, of course, the well-known and popular journalist of the *Daily Express*. It was, I believe, Mr. Robinson who related to Dr. Conan Doyle an old Devonshire legend in which a fierce, fire-breathing hound haunted the moors. In order to show that the story is founded on fact, Dr. Doyle has requested his American publishers to substitute the following note for the former acknowledgment—

MY DEAR ROBINSON,—It was your account of a West Country legend which first suggested the idea of this little tale to my mind. For this and for the help which you gave me in its evolution, all thanks.—Yours most truly, A. CONAN DOYLE.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett's new romance will treat of Mary Queen of Scots. He is also, I believe, writing a play on the same subject.

Two notable travel-books are to be published very shortly. Mr. Pritchard's account of his journey through Patagonia will form a magnificent volume, illustrated with nearly four hundred pictures, including the author's own personal sketches and photographs.

Dr. Sven Hedin's account of his long Oriental journey and his experiences in mid-Asia is to be issued immediately in popular form. The scientific account of his discoveries will appear separately later in the year.

Arrangements have been made to translate Pierre Loti's new book, "Le Dernier Jour de Péking," which has just been issued in Paris. The English edition may be expected this spring.

Maurice Maeterlinck's new book is to be entitled "The Mystery of Justice."

Mr. Frank R. Stockton's new novel, "Kate Bonnet: The Romance of a Pirate's Daughter," promises to be in his best vein. It is said to abound in humorous situations, and certainly the adventures of a would-be pirate in the Barbadoes and the story of Kate Bonnet's attempt to rescue her father from his evil ways promises well.

Messrs. Hutchinson will publish very shortly an authorised biography of the late Marquis of Dufferin and Ava. The work was well advanced before the Marquis's death, and the author, Mr. C. Black, had the advantage of preparing much of the biography under his supervision.

The latest literary sensation in Paris is an "interview-novel," by M. Adolphe Brisson, one of the ablest of French journalists. "Florise Bonheur" is the story of a Montmartre shop-girl reported in a series of interviews, and M. Brisson vouches for its absolute accuracy. From extracts I have read, "Florise Bonheur" seems a charming and touching book, but the idea opens up such terrible possibilities that I sincerely trust it will not catch on in this country.

Miss Mary Johnston's new novel, "Audrey," will be something of a disappointment, I fancy, to readers of her previous romances, "The Old Dominion" and "By Order of the Company." Miss Johnston has attempted a story of character, a chronicle of manners, rather than a romance of thrilling episode and adventure which readers have come to expect from her pen. The setting of "Audrey," a splendid background of old Virginia; the characters themselves, from the Governor to the half-breed trader, Jan Hugon—all suggest the novel of most vigorous action of peril and daring. Adventure there is in plenty, it is true; but the main theme is the passion and simple devotion of Audrey, a child of the woods, for Marmaduke Haward, Lord of Fairview. There is better writing in "Audrey" than in anything Miss Johnston has yet done. There are several scenes, notably the tragic ending, which are as good as anything in recent romance; there is throughout the story a wealth of passion and pathos, and the character-drawing is distinguished and remarkable. "Audrey" is sad reading—in parts, desperately sad—and that is one reason why Miss Johnston's readers have legitimate cause for complaint, for in all her previous work hero and heroine have won through trials and tribulations to a happy ending.

O. O.



MISS MINNIE COCHRANE, LADY-IN-WAITING TO PRINCESS BEATRICE.

Photograph by Histed, Baker Street, W.



THE COUNTESS OF STRADBROKE.

*Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.*

## FAMOUS AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUBS: I.—THE OLD STAGERS.

**I**N the year of grace 1840, some young and enthusiastic amateur actors just from Cambridge, looking for fresh fields to conquer, found at Canterbury a theatre not too large for their efforts, and an audience, drawn from the cricket-field and county and barracks and the Cathedral Close, which was prepared to take amateur performances,

as amateur performances should be taken, in the friendliest spirit. The founders of the Old Stagers were the Hon. Spencer Ponsonby (Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane), the Hon. Fred Ponsonby (the late Earl of Bessborough), John Loraine Baldwin, and A. P. Long. The theatre where they and the Company they drew together made their first appearance during the first "Canterbury Week" was a very unlovely building of yellow stucco, with blind windows, and a futile attempt to achieve dignity in the two columns of its porch. The proprietor of this theatre always had qualms as to the propriety of holding such property, and the liberal yearly donation made to the County Hospital by the Old Stagers did not quite act as a salve to his conscience. For many years the little band of amateurs were

SIR SPENCER PONSONBY-FANE.

Photograph by Barraud, Oxford Street, W.

threatened with the destruction of their Temple of Thespis, until, at last, the late Mr. Cooper, the well-known R.A., an Old Stager himself, built the present theatre on his own property and painted a drop-scene and, it is said, some of the stock scenery as well.

The first plays performed by the Club were "The Rivals," "The Poor Gentleman," "Too Late for Dinner," and an "Othello Travestie." Tom Taylor was one of the players, and wrote both an Epilogue and a Prologue, Mrs. Nisbett, who played with the Old Stagers on this and many subsequent occasions, speaking the latter, which commenced thus—

Before the signal sounds, our trembling garrison  
Have sent me out, a veteran—by comparison,  
Though with soft cheek and woman's treble clear.  
To smooth their way—a lady Pioneer!

Mrs. Nisbett was the first of the famous actresses who have appeared with the Old Stagers. Mrs. Walter Lacy, Mrs. A. Wigan, Mrs. Keeley, Miss Woolgar, Miss Herbert, Misses Carlotta and Rose Leclercq, Misses Ellen and Kate Terry, Mrs. Leigh Murray, Miss Fanny Holland, Miss Carlotta Addison, Miss Fanny Brough, Miss A. Wilton, Miss Compton, Mrs. Bernard Beere, Miss Measor, Miss Rose Norreys, Misses Mary and Kate Rorke, Mrs. Cecil Clay, Miss Sybil Carlisle are names which are household words to all playgoers; whilst in 1896 Miss Irene Vanbrugh and Miss Lena Ashwell—a combination that Managers now might sigh for in vain—played Blanche Hayes and Mary Netley in "Ours." The "Canterbury Week" gaieties, luncheons, and picnics and the county balls all mix agreeably for the ladies with the more serious work of the theatre.

Miss Carlotta Addison, when her other engagements permit her to come to Canterbury and when there is a part for her in the plays, is the Spirit of the Old Stagers in the Epilogue, the post of honour. The Epilogue, played at the close of the performance on Friday night, is an Old Stager institution and has a form which is adhered to with the severe restrictions appertaining to a classic. The first part of it is a little "Revue" on lines generally suggested by Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane, and dealing with the topics of the moment, written by one of the Old Stagers during the week, and rehearsed in the dead of night on Thursday evening. The second part of it consists of lines—sometimes very carefully written—for the Spirits of Kent, of the "I.Z.," of Cricket, and of the Old Stagers. Each Spirit enters to appropriate music, and each has her band of followers bearing banners, the veterans of the Old Stagers being the guard-of-honour to their especial goddess.

"Kent, Cricket, the 'I.Z.,' the Old Stagers" really give the history of the premier Amateur Club of England in a nutshell, for the

success of the Old Stagers has been assured by their connection with cricket and by the social amenities of the Club as well as by their efficiency as actors. It was on the occasion of a notable match played by Kent against England at Canterbury that the brothers John and W. de Chair Baker discussed with the Hon. Frederick Ponsonby the possibility of establishing a "Canterbury Week"—a combination of cricket by day and theatricals at night—and the Old Stagers and the "Week" have grown together and flourished ever since side-by-side, though the cricketers and the actors have become separate bodies in the drift of time. When the "I.Z." was founded, in 1845, the foremost of the Canterbury actors were amongst its original members.

The Club has its habitation during the "Canterbury Week" at the Fountain Hotel, and two rooms are set apart for its use—the Holy of Holies, into which only full-fledged Old Stagers may penetrate, and a long dining-room, with windows overlooking the yard and its ranges of stabling and with pictures of county worthies on its walls, where the Old Stagers entertain their guests. Many merry nights have the walls of this old room seen, for when the Old Stagers banquet together on the Wednesday night, and after the nightly supper, more especially the Friday one, on Epilogue-day, there is music and mirth, and every man who has a talent for amusing his fellow-men gives of his best. Sir Arthur Sullivan and Fred Clay have made melody on the battered upright-piano that stands in a corner, and a hundred comic ideas, some of which have borne fruit on a wider stage, have had their inception in the old room. There is always a very cosy little gathering after the early dinner on the days of acting, when the Old Stagers gather round a table set in the yard in the shade and drink their coffee and smoke their cigars there until it is time to make a move for the theatre and the business of the night.

Report says that, in the early days of the Club, before the title of "Old Stagers" had been adopted, a title which, no doubt, brought responsibility with it, rehearsals were looked upon with disfavour, as likely to curb individuality; but, rehearsed or not rehearsed, the plays amused the audiences, and the actors amused themselves inside the theatre and outside also. At first, the Old Stagers played always in their own names, but in 1842 C. R. Morse elected to be known as the Count Esrom, or, when he played a lady in burlesque, the Countess Esrom, and the others gradually followed suit, adopting quaint *noms-de-théâtre*, of which "The Great Bald Eagle" was the most startling. Round C. R. Morse many of the jokes of the early days of the Club seem to have centred. As an example, in 1845 all Canterbury was posted with enormous placards offering a hundred pounds reward to anyone who would give such information as would lead to the conviction of the person who circulated a report that the Countess Esrom was a foreigner.

The *noms-de-théâtre* which had ceased to disguise identity disappeared last year, and the Old Stagers now play once again under their own names. The Club is fortunate in attracting most of the young actors—at the Universities and elsewhere—who have shown more than usual talent, and when any new-comer has been twice invited to play at Canterbury and has played twice, he is eligible for the Club, which consists normally of twenty-five active members, an affiliated musical foundation, and a "shelf" for veterans. There is no "star" system in the Canterbury performances, and the hero in the play on one night may be found playing a super's part in another play on the next night. A month's steady rehearsal in London and dress-rehearsals at Canterbury now precede the performances, and the Club keeps well up to modern requirements in the selection of its plays and the completeness of its productions.

Of course, the Old Stagers have traditions and pleasant records galore of giants of past days and giants still, happily, with us. Mr. John Loraine Baldwin, in his bath-chair; Lord Bessborough; Mr. John Knox Holmes, singing in the Epilogue as a sturdy octogenarian; Mr. Quentin Twiss, as Todman in "Liberty Hall," a quite perfect performance; Mr. Charles Colnaghi, inventing mirthful melodrama—are some of the memories; but two of the trio who made "Box and Cox" famous in the world of amateurs, Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane and Sir Henry de Bathe, are, happily, hale and strong, and sit one at each end of the table on the banquet-night; and Lord Harris speaks his lines for Kent in the Epilogue, and Mr. Augustus Spalding, though he claims a place on the "shelf," will, it is hoped, come back to the boards once again in a Charles Mathews part.

N. NEWNHAM-DAVIS.



SIR HENRY DE BATHE.



MR. QUENTIN TWISS AS TODMAN IN "LIBERTY HALL."

Photograph by Harrison and Lilly, Lincoln.

## FAMOUS AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUBS: I.—THE OLD STAGERS.



Miss Adelina Baird.

Col. Newnham-Davis.

Col. Chater. Sir W. Young. Mr. Alan Mackinnon. Miss Sybil Carlisle. Mr. A. J. Tassé.

"A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE."

Mr. Quentin Twiss.

Mr. Charles Drummond. Mr. Augustus Spalding.

Hon. Chandos Leigh.



Mr. Charles Colnaghi. Mr. John Loraine Baldwin. Miss Carlotta Addison. Miss Lizzie Henderson.

A LADIES' LUNCHEON GROUP.

Major George Nugent.

Mr. C. W. A. Trollope. Sir Henry de Bathe. Mr. Quentin Twiss. Right Hon. J. W. Lowther. Mr. W. Fladgate.



Captain Gooch.

Mr. Alan Mackinnon. Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane. Mr. T. Knox Holmes.

Mr. Arthur Bourchier.

THE OLD STAGERS' JUBILEE, 1891.

Photographs by H. R. Collins, Canterbury.



## VI.—THE WELLINGTON.

NOW that the irrepressible Mr. Ritz, not content with his cathedral in Pall Mall, must needs set up a chapel-of-ease in Hyde Park Court, the Wellington has the honour and the distinction of beating the Bachelor's by about a street in the race for the West—in other words, it stands nearer South Kensington than any other Club in London. I know not whether this be an enormous advantage, save to those who dwell within the shade of the Imperial Institute or sleep nightly opposite its bilious brother; I merely record the fact. There are, of course, Clubs farther West than this, but when I talk of Clubs I speak of them as a member of the Wellington would and should.

For, whether it be due to this situation of his Club, or to the propinquity of that statue popularly supposed to represent the metallic Duke that gave the Club its name, I know not, but the Wellington is very particular indeed—not quite so particular as the Bachelor's, perhaps, but very nearly, though there is not a member of either Club who would admit that the other was anything like as good as his own. There is, in fact, a little jealousy existent in the bosoms of the Bachelor's and the Wellington and again I cannot tell why. Both are very comfortable houses, and house a most select company of model young men, dressed in Conduit Street, booted in Piccadilly, hatted in St. James's, and coiffé in Jermyn Street. Indeed I warrant you that it is difficult to tell a Bachelor from a Wellingtonian, save by which door he enters. The only difference, apart from houses, that I have been able to discover is that the Wellington cultivates the elderly to a greater degree and issues no decrees regarding marriage.

Frankly and honestly let me out with it and say I do not like the Wellington. I am not "at home" within its precincts. I neither shine in its smoking-room nor sparkle at its table. Both are of the best, I admit; but I am ill at ease therein, nor can I overcome this discomfort, though I have entered its doors scores of times. It is its hall that unnerves me. Its porter is an amiable creature, if of stern appearance, and invariably knows whether your friends are in or out; but it is not its porter who disquiets me. It is, let me confess at once, those members that make its hall their home from week to week, from year to year, in winter or summer, for richer or poorer—it is those members that distress me, that pale my ruddy

cheeks and shake my stalwart limbs and reduce me generally to a condition when conversation, food, and tobacco are abhorrent to me, even in the company of my Jonathan.

Let me call, in fancy, on this same Jonathan. I inquire of the porter if he be in. That dignitary vouchsafes no reply, save the despatch of one of those peculiar little stunted old men that, I suppose, we import from some far-off land on purpose for use as Club page-boys. The old gentleman returns with an invitation to me to "Come this way." Immediately I am undone—I must walk through the hall. As I pass, half-a-dozen pairs of eyes are promptly fixed upon my boots. They are not very bad boots, but I am poor. From my boots those same six brace of eyes travel slowly up my body till they reach my tie; there they remain for a moment or two, then rest upon my face. This coldly, carefully criticised, they turn towards each other and discuss the inspection in muffled tones. By this time the stunted venerable has removed my overcoat and hat and I have lost all control of my nerves. My trousers, which, while inserting my legs, I regarded as distinctly tidy, have gone decidedly baggy at the knees and refuse to fall with any grace over my boots, that have suddenly been spattered with mud. My waistcoat, which I brushed with some care before going out, now betrays my breakfast; and the button-holes of my coat, which I swear were perfect when I left my rooms, are now frayed and shine even in the dim light of the passage. What is more, as, urged on by the page, I turn to cross the hall, I slip on the floor and with some difficulty regain my balance, only to find, as I come once more under inspection, that I have ruined my collar! Yet some wonder why I hate the Wellington—and it is through this ordeal that I go every time I enter its doors!

All of which may lead the reader to imagine that I am no fair critic of the Wellington Club. But let me hasten to assure him that I am not altogether incompetent. Once, during last November's fogs (it was on the day that the world enveloped us), I was invited to dine at the Wellington. I felt my way down Piccadilly, and at last found myself in Grosvenor Place. *On that occasion the hall was empty.* I walked boldly in, cold and fog-choked, but serene. No one inspected me; no one criticised my boots. I walked firmly along the slippery floor, dined heartily, smoked much, and stayed late. Moreover, under my host's guidance, I turned the tables on the Club. With cold, carping eye, I inspected it from basement to attic—or what did duty as such. I knocked the balls about in the billiard-room, poked my critical nose into the very card-room, talked audibly in the silent-room, scattered my cigarette-ash on the smoking-room floor, and washed my hands unconcernedly in the lavatory. I even bade the hall-porter a cheery good-night, and grumbled at the awkwardness of the creature who helped me on with my overcoat. I confess that my host and myself were the only occupants of the Club; but I can fairly lay claim to revenge. And it was very, very sweet.

Some day, when that overdue boat of mine comes into port, I am going to get myself up just like one of the modern Iron Dukes, walk boldly into the hall of the Wellington, and return the cold, critical stare of the hall-members with interest. Till then I must continue to suffer every time I enter its doors—unless a beneficent Providence sends us a battalion of fogs in

which I may cloak my shame. Only yesterday, at that Borough Council which I adorn I voted dead against a smoke-abatement project, to the astonishment of my fellow Councillors.

But they do not know the Wellington.



A "WELLINGTONIAN."

Drawn by Lewis Baumer.



MRS. LANGTRY,

IN THE LAST ACT OF "MADEMOISELLE MARS," AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.



MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT,  
SISTER-IN-LAW TO MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON.  
*Photograph by Histed, Baker Street, W.*



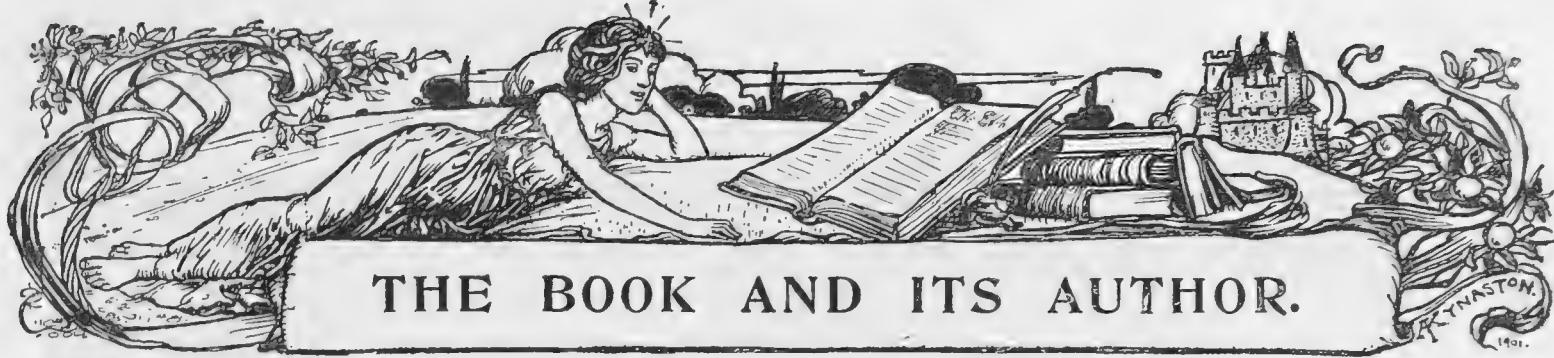
MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON,  
PLAYING MARK EMBURY IN "MICE AND MEN," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.  
*Photograph by Hiscox, Baker Street, W.*



THE LATEST AUSTRALIAN PORTRAIT OF MISS GRACE PALOTTA.

(SEE "MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP,")

Photograph by Ashby, Sydney.



## THE BOOK AND ITS AUTHOR.

### "CECIL RHODES."

IN considering the value and importance of any biographical work, it is essential, first of all, to know what kind of equipment the author of it possesses—not only the literary equipment of the writer, which in biography plays merely an ancillary part, but also the special character, the quality, of his acquaintance with his subject, and the point of view from which he personally regards it. And this is particularly the case with respect to the biographer of a man like Mr. Rhodes, who, if he has many warm friends and enthusiastic admirers, has also many fierce enemies and bitter detractors. The questions, then, that one would ask Mr. Howard Hensman, the author of this biography of the great African Empire-builder, are what is the extent, the height, length, and breadth of his knowledge of Mr. Rhodes? and next, from what point of view does he regard Mr. Rhodes—is it from a friendly, a hostile, or a neutral point of view?

Mr. Hensman, in his Preface to "Cecil Rhodes" (published by Messrs. William Blackwood and Sons), has anticipated these questions. "For some years past," he says, "I have been brought into rather intimate contact with Mr. Cecil Rhodes and his works, and have taken a great interest in studying the methods and character of one who—whatever his faults and shortcomings may be—plays a very important part in the history of the British Empire at the present time." But, besides having this personal acquaintance with Mr. Rhodes, Mr. Hensman has been so fortunate as to have obtained from Miss Rhodes (to whom the book, in acknowledgment, is dedicated), the sister of the subject of his biography, a great deal of assistance. Others who have "known Mr. Rhodes intimately for many years past" have also contributed materials for the work. Hence it will be seen that Mr. Hensman's biography of Mr. Rhodes is likely to be full and accurate as regards its facts and matters of detail. In other words, the first question is answered satisfactorily enough. And, this being the case, it seems to me only just to say that this book—the correctness of which is endorsed by the Rhodes family to such a degree as to make it almost an authorised biography—possesses a high value as a permanent record. No one genuinely interested in the history of South Africa or of the Empire can afford to neglect it.

Now, it is hardly likely that a biographer will confine himself to a bare recital of facts and matters of detail; most probably he will offer some commentary upon them. Of course, it is here that the point of view comes in. And what is Mr. Hensman's point of view with respect to Mr. Cecil Rhodes? Naturally, in the circumstances already set forth, it is not a hostile point of view. Is it, then, that of an impartial person, or is it that of a partisan? Here is what Mr. Hensman states—

I have made it my constant effort to hold the scales of justice evenly, and I may at once say that I decline absolutely to regard Mr. Rhodes either as a heaven-sent statesman or the incarnation of all that is wicked. He is in my eyes an Empire-builder of great originality, and a man who makes a most fascinating study.

I think that Mr. Hensman, on the whole, has written his book with decided impartiality, and I can imagine it was not always easy to do so.

Perhaps, I ought to mention, before I pass on to say something of the volume, that Mr. Hensman is well acquainted with that vast territory in South Africa to which has been given the name of Mr. Rhodes—indeed, he is the author of "A History of Rhodesia."

The book opens with a chapter on "Cecil Rhodes as Schoolboy." As is nearly always the case, the boy was father to the man. In his school-days Rhodes manifested many traits which have been amongst his most prominent characteristics in later years.

He had an indomitable spirit (writes Mr. Hensman) and a dogged perseverance which enabled him to accomplish any task which he set himself. A disinclination to be behind any of his rivals, whether in their studies or in their games, likewise distinguished him; and, whatever it was he did, he did it thoroughly and earnestly. His temper was, in the main, genial and sunny; but at times he had outbursts of that imperiousness of will which has marked his later career, and he was wont to chafe somewhat at the admonitions of his masters. A story is current at his old school to-day that on one occasion, when chastised somewhat severely and, as it appeared to him, unjustly, by a junior master, Rhodes, in a momentary fit of anger, seized a heavy book lying on the desk beside him and made a motion as though to assault the master with it. However, he seemed quickly to recollect the unseemliness of his conduct and replaced the book on the desk with an incoherent apology.

On leaving school, the young Cecil was entered at Oxford, and for a short time it seemed possible enough that he would follow in his father's footsteps and go into the Church. As Mr. Hensman remarks, "It is difficult for us now to imagine Cecil Rhodes as a Bishop in gaiters and shovel-hat." It certainly is a trifle difficult. In the early part of 1870, Mr. Rhodes's health broke down, and, with a view to its restoration, it was decided to send him on a visit to his eldest brother, Herbert, who was trying his fortune as a cotton-planter in Southern Natal—

... He set sail for Durban on June 21, 1870. As the pale-faced, delicate lad paced the deck of the little sailing-vessel and saw its head turned southwards and the cliffs of England rapidly fading out of sight behind him, he little thought of the brilliant career he was destined to carve out for himself in South Africa, and how the parting from his family and the abandonment of a University career were, in reality, blessings in disguise.

At the very time of the arrival of Cecil Rhodes in Africa, Cape Colony was beginning a period of marked prosperity consequent upon

the discovery of the diamond-fields. Some months after Rhodes had reached Natal, his brother tired of the life of a cotton-planter and set out for the diamond-fields—and thither, shortly afterwards, Cecil went. Here is Mr. Hensman's account of the "first beginning" of the future "Diamond King"—

Cecil stayed on at his brother's plantation for some few months after his departure; then he in turn was seized with a desire for diamond-digging, and attracted by the possibilities of great wealth quickly acquired which that industry offered. The laws controlling the diamond-fields at that time did not permit anyone to own more than one claim. A "claim," it may be explained, was a piece of diamondiferous ground about thirty-one feet square. At the beginning, Cecil Rhodes and his eldest brother shared a single claim between them, and the two young men set about developing their property in energetic fashion, though with no very conspicuous success at first.

In contemporary history there is no more fascinating figure than Cecil Rhodes, and Mr. Hensman's biography of him will certainly not tend to diminish the interest universally taken in the great South African.

ROBERT MACHRAY.



CECIL RHODES AS A BOY.

Reproduced by permission from "Cecil Rhodes." (Messrs. William Blackwood and Sons.)

## STUDIES IN EXPRESSION.

BY THOMAS DOWNEY.





AN ENTHUSIAST.

FIRST OLD SINNER : Come an' 'ave a drink.

SECOND OLD SINNER : Oi be full up. Pour ut—hovey my 'ead!

DRAWN BY GUNNING KING.



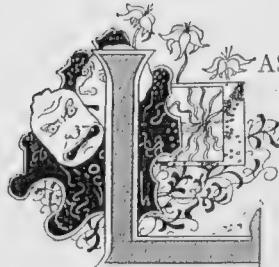
MR. BEERBOHM TREE'S CONCEPTION OF HADES.

OUR ARTIST HAS A NIGHTMARE AFTER WITNESSING THE PERFORMANCE OF "ULYSSES," AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## "AN IMAGE MADE IN WAX."

BY ALICIA RAMSEY.



LAST year, Mrs. Hilary was the happiest woman in London. To-day, she is the most miserable woman in the world. That is because Mrs. Hilary was silly and was jealous of her Jack.

Jack is Mrs. Hilary's husband. He is very rich, very smart, and very tall. He also has heaps of clothes. He invariably calls Mrs. Hilary "Ducksie." There doesn't seem anything else to be said about him except that. In the beginning of things the Hilarys lived in Eden. They were known in smart Society as "Adam and Eve, created by Paquin and Poole." A wit once said at a dinner-table that, though in former times it took only one God to make a woman, to make Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hilary nowadays it took two. Mrs. Hilary was furious when she heard it, but it made Jack Hilary laugh. Jack

Hilary always laughed at everything. In this world it is wise to laugh at nothing, which proves Jack Hilary to have been a fool.

Jack Hilary's folly took the form of always telling the truth. Truth-telling in a bachelor is a most reprehensible misdemeanour; in a married man it amounts to positive crime.

When Mrs. Hilary used to say, "Jack, darling, isn't that woman *lovely*?" nine times out of ten "Jack, darling," would answer "Yes." The man who does this sort of thing should be hanged by the neck until he's dead. If the truth were known, however, it's not Jack, but Mrs. Hilary, who ought to be executed. That's where the joke comes in.

The joke in this case was a widow. She had a Burne-Jones body, a Rossetti mouth, and a turn-up nose. When Mrs. Hilary said, "Jack, darling, isn't she *lovely*?" Jack Hilary said she was "the thunderingest thing in widows he'd ever seen." The man who can call a turn-up nose "thundering" ought to be flayed alive.

Mrs. Hilary said, "I think she's perfectly *heavenly*! Jack, darling, do take her down to supper. Just to please me, there's a *duck*!" Jack Hilary and the widow sat eating supper till midnight, and Mrs. Hilary said she'd enjoyed herself "simply *frightfully*." This was the reason why, for the first time since her marriage, Mrs. Hilary cried herself to sleep.

The next morning, Adam and Eve moved out of Eden and took up their residence in Park Lane.

The day after the party, the widow called on Mrs. Hilary and said "she had

a conviction that Destiny meant them to be friends." - Jack Hilary walked back to Lancaster Gate with the widow, and that evening Mrs. Hilary had a headache, and Jack Hilary went out alone. The man who goes out alone when his wife has a headache would do well to borrow a spade from the sexton and begin to dig his grave.

It was about the middle of the Season when a grey-headed Harley Street oracle informed Jack Hilary, in return for two guineas, that his wife wanted cheering-up, and he ought to take her for a change. Mrs. Hilary said it would cheer her up to go to Jamaica. It doesn't take a fine geographical scholar to know that Jamaica is more than a walking distance from the corner of Lancaster Gate.

So the gods nodded to Adam and Eve, late of Eden, and Mrs. Hilary drove up and down Bond Street ordering muslin frocks and hats. Meantime, Jack Hilary sat down and wired instructions to Southampton to the skipper of his new steam-yacht.

While Mrs. Hilary was dressing that night for dinner, Jack Hilary shouted to her through the door of his dressing-room that "he'd met Billy Seaton and the widow, had asked them both to join them on the trip to Jamaica, and they had both consented to come." Mrs. Hilary was so delighted she gave the muslin gowns to her maid and danced "The Washington Post" in the corner of her bedroom on her best bargain in Bond Street hats.

It's really well worth spending two guineas to learn how your wife wants cheering-up.

By the way of a nice thing in changes, Jack Hilary sat and counted the stars with the widow on deck, while Mrs. Hilary lay and counted the hours below. Mrs. Hilary was cheered-up immensely, and when they went ashore at Kingston, Jamaica, her face was like that of a corpse as she stood bathed in the glory of the Jamaican setting sun.

There is only one thing more splendid or more cruel than the splendour and cruelty of a Jamaican setting sun. That thing is a jealous woman whose husband admires widows and says so. Let all married Jack Hilarys who read this little story of Jack Hilary's folly—beware.

About a fortnight after their arrival in Jamaica, a black lady in a red turban called at the Hilarys' hotel. Hidden beneath her apron she carried a wicker-basket full of little wax dolls. Mrs. Hilary, not understanding the black lady's coloured explanations, asked the Mulatto gentleman who was sweeping the hotel terrace what on earth she meant. The Mulatto gentleman said the little wax dolls had



That evening the widow came down to dinner with a little black-velvet patch in the middle of her cheek.

"had bad Boozoo worked on them": if you stuck pins into their bodies and spoke the name of your enemy, your enemy sickened; whereas, if you stuck pins into their heart and spoke the name of your enemy, within twenty-four hours your enemy died.

Mrs. Hilary, who was the most superstitious woman in Jamaica, said, "Ridiculous nonsense! Such things had no right to be allowed," so the Mulatto gentleman informed the black lady the appropriate moment had come for her to "git."

For a long time Mrs. Hilary lay back amongst her cushions and watched Jack Hilary balancing tennis-balls on the edge of his racket, to the applause of a turn-up nose. Then Mrs. Hilary slipped through the trees after a vanishing red turban, and, out of sheer, ridiculous nonsense, bought a little "bad Boozoo'd" doll.

The black lady laughed as she took Mrs. Hilary's shilling and handed Mrs. Hilary a pin. Mrs. Hilary laughed as she took the pin and daintily pricked the little wax doll's cheek. Then she heard the widow shouting to Jack Hilary at tennis, and she shivered as she stared down blindly at the quaint image lying in her hand.

That evening the widow came down to dinner with a little black-velvet patch in the middle of her cheek. Mrs. Hilary said, "Jack, darling, isn't it perfect?" And Hilary said it was the "rippingest thing in patches he'd ever seen." It was probably because such things should not be allowed that, when Mrs. Hilary went to bed an hour later, she stuck a little diamond pin into the little wax doll's neck. Next morning the widow came down to breakfast with an enormous lace collar turned outwards and a broad band of black velvet round her throat.

The combination of black patches and black velvet is singularly becoming. Widows with turn-up noses will do well to remember this.

When Mrs. Hilary saw the black velvet, she said, "Jack, darling, did you ever see anything so adorable in all your life?"

Jack Hilary said, "No, he hadn't," and demanded why on earth Mrs. Hilary didn't wear the same.

Mrs. Hilary, who was one of the best-dressed women in London, said, "she'd simply love to, but it wasn't quite her style." Then she went upstairs and opened her jewel-box and stuck a little pearl pin into the little wax dolly's hand.

That afternoon there was a regrettable incident at tennis, and Mrs. Hilary passed a pleasant evening watching Jack Hilary alternately cursing his own confounded awkwardness and bathing the widow's swollen thumb.

It was about this time, by a curious coincidence, that Mrs. Hilary began to recover her spirits and the widow's health began to fail.

For a fortnight the widow stood it like a Trojan; then, one night, she suddenly burst out crying and said she "was sure Jamaica didn't suit her and she wanted to go home."

Jack Hilary confounded Jamaica loudly and begged Mrs. Hilary to give her maid instructions to pack.

Mrs. Hilary said, "For her part, she simply adored Jamaica; but, of course, she'd do anything in the world to oblige her dearest friend and her darling Jack." Later, she told the widow she was sure all she needed was "a change and a little cheering-up."

Going upstairs, Mrs. Hilary overheard Jack Hilary saying that, "pon his honour, it was pos'tively amazin' how the widow had suddenly begun to go off." The little wax doll in Mrs. Hilary's jewel-box glittered with little jewelled pins as if it had been an Indian god. Mrs. Hilary stood looking down at it, laughing softly; then she seized it and kissed it with as much passion as if it had been her child.

As is the way in this world, on the voyage back from Jamaica the positions were reversed. It was Mrs. Hilary who sat on deck counting

the stars with Jack Hilary, and the widow who lay counting the hours below. The gods do these little things artistically. When they landed at Southampton it was also the turn-up nose which looked like unto a corpse.

The grey-haired Harley Street oracle was quite pleased when he saw Mrs. Hilary. He patted Jack Hilary on the shoulder and said, knowingly, "there was nothing like a change." In answer to Mrs. Hilary's questioning, he fingered his glasses and said "he wished he could say as much for his patient with the turn-up nose."

"There is nothing serious the matter, is there?" said Mrs. Hilary, looking up at the Harley Street oracle with her pretty little smile.

"Not serious," replied the doctor; "but, if she doesn't soon get better, she will die."

The instant the doctor had departed, Mrs. Hilary rushed to her jewel-box and tore every single pin out of the little "Boozoo'd" doll.

Within a week the widow was convalescent. Within a fortnight, radiant and audacious, she was making turn-up noses at Jack Hilary as they walked together through the Park.

"Behold the serpent in possession of Eden," said the wit who always made Jack Hilary laugh. "Methinks the time is ripe for an aspirant with heavenly aspirations to go and call on Eve." The wit spoke in a whisper, but Mrs. Jack Hilary heard.

Half-an-hour later, her face distorted with passion, she seized the hat-pin she was wearing and stabbed the little wax "Boozoo'd" dolly through its little "Boozoo'd" heart.

The next morning, the widow was thrown from her horse and killed while riding in the Park.

"It's all the fault of those beastly Park authorities," said Jack Hilary that evening. "The Row is simply rotten to ride in." He suddenly saw his unintentional witticism and began to laugh.

"She's dead," said Mrs. Hilary. "Nothing can bring her back."

"Doosid fine figure of a woman," said Jack Hilary, "if she hadn't been spoilt by her nose."

"Is that all you've got to say about her?" said Mrs. Hilary.

"Of course, I'm doosid sorry!" said Jack Hilary. "Where will you get the wreath?"

"Jack," said Mrs. Hilary, "is that all you care?"

"Care?" said Jack Hilary, absently. "I liked the poor soul well enough."

Mrs. Hilary went over and stood beside her husband and her eyes devoured his face. "I thought you loved her," said Mrs. Hilary, "and I was jealous."

Jack Hilary opened his eyes in blank amazement and said, "What doosid rot!" Then he looked down at Mrs. Hilary, and the strange fire burning in her eyes was suddenly reflected in his. "Dearest of Ducksies, you know well enough you're the only woman in the world for me!" He stooped and, with sudden passion, kissed her on the throat.

Mrs. Hilary gave a little, gasping laugh, and fell fainting at Jack Hilary's feet.

That night the Hilarys removed back to Eden, but Mrs. Hilary's soul remained behind in Park Lane. She has all the world can give her—love, beauty, position, money, and, lately, a little child.

But the serpent is in possession of Eden, and in Mrs. Hilary's jewel-box lies a little wax "Boozoo'd" dolly with a jewelled bonnet-pin through its little "Boozoo'd" heart.

All ridiculous nonsense, and yet—Mrs. Hilary, who last year was the happiest woman in London, is now the most miserable woman in the world.

### "PING-PONG."

(With Apologies to the Shade of Longfellow.)

"Try not to serve," the old man said,  
"Dark low'rs a failure on your head;  
The chiffonier is yawning wide":  
But still his weary voice replied—  
"Ping-Pong!"

"Oh, stay," the maiden said, "and rest,  
While for the ball we go make quest!"  
A glare lit up his frenzied eye,  
"There's plenty more left," was his sigh—  
"Ping-Pong!"

"Beware the volley mad and rash,  
Beware the awful, cunning 'smash'":  
This was the P'liceman's last good-night,  
A voice replied through the lamplight—  
"Ping-Pong!"

At break of day, as on his beat,  
A constable in Oxford Street  
Muttered for six o'clock a pray'r,  
A voice rang on the silent air—  
"Ping-Pong!"

A traveller, prostrate on the ground,  
Somewhere in Camden Town was found,  
Still clinging to a racket fast  
And wildly murmuring to the last—  
"Ping-Pong!"

There in the morning cold and grey,  
Brainless yet beautiful he lay;  
And fell a voice on him from far,  
"Good Lord, what asses some folks are!"—  
"Ping-Pong!"

CLIFTON BINGHAM.

His brow was sad, his eye, annoyed,  
Flashed like a globe of celluloid;  
And like a wooden racket rung  
The accents from his weary tongue  
"Ping-Pong!"

In happy homes he saw a blight,  
Their "household fires" were out of sight,  
For where the glacial globules shone  
They'd quite forgot to put coals on—  
"Ping-Pong!"

## MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

"THE PRINCESS'S NOSE," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

EVERYONE has asked, without receiving a satisfactory answer, what the title has to do with the play, or the scrap of quotation from "Tristram Shandy" with either, yet at least one may suppose that if the reference to Sterne's book secures a new reader of his wonderful work it will have done some service. One can, however,



MR. GILBERT HARE, WHO PLAYS CLEVERLY AS AN OLD ENGLISH SQUIRE IN "THE PRINCESS'S NOSE," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

*Photograph by Goshawk, Harrow-on-the-Hill.*

make a guess that the idea is to show that, whilst naughty Mrs. Malpas, wife of a paradox—a poor brewer—contrives to put the Princess's nose for a while out of joint, in the end she gets her own absolutely broken in an accident which the dramatist was hardly entitled to expect. There are limits to the right of an author to use mere accident as means of getting out of a difficulty, and it is at least arguable that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has outstepped them in the new piece at the Duke of York's Theatre. No doubt, the accident served Mrs. Malpas right, since, in her attempt at poaching, in her effort to rob her old friend and hostess, the Princesse de Chalençon, of her husband, she had not even the excuse of passion, a fact which gives an ugly flavour to the play; whilst the Prince—are even French Princes so horribly wicked?—is no better than she, and is willing to leave an affectionate—indeed, an amorous—attractive young wife and his baby Princelet for the sake of a cat who is unwilling to elope with him and risk a big scandal unless she has a guarantee, curiously vague and unsatisfactory, that, if trouble arises, he will not abandon her. Really, we are introduced to painfully bad society in the country-house of the Prince at Longwater West Leat, near Budminster, for the other people are by no means adorable. The Princess, for instance, has too little of the pride that prompted the famous French *grande dame* to the remark that the women of her family had never condescended to be the mistresses of their husbands. She, poor thing, when the Prince, in a cold-blooded—indeed, brutal—manner, admits by inference that he is going to elope with Mrs. Malpas, is quite prepared to be the mistress of her husband; in fact, not only is she not disgusted into repugnance by his callous caddishness, but she flings her arms round him and lavishes words of love on him, and invites him to supper in the boudoir and asks his aid in undressing—which he very ungallantly refuses—and, finally, as her heavy artillery, appears before him in a décolleté white garment with a mass of frills and shimmeries which she calls a "négligé": to the ignorant male eye, it looks very much like one of the marvellous creations that give thrilling interest to the advertisement columns of ladies' papers. This "négligé" does the trick, and the Princess would have won her

fight—playing quite as low down as Mrs. Malpas in a better cause—had she not underrated her powers of seduction and cancelled some of the Prince's orders to the servants, which so roused his wrath that he determined to abandon Madame la Princesse and run after the brewer's wife, wherefore the Princess told him that she would punish him *per lex talionis*, which is, perhaps, a prettier way of putting it than the phrases she used. But the Prince—charming Prince!—refused to be frightened or jealous, and so, if a motor had not run into the carriage that was bearing Mrs. Malpas to the station and caused her to be thrown out and break her nose, probably there would have been "another scandal in 'igh life."

Of course, Mrs. Malpas with a broken nose was quite out of the running; even a mere commoner might fairly say that when she broke her nose she broke the compact, and so the Prince, apparently not shocked by his wife's mode of warfare—"Noblesse oblige" was probably not his family motto—returned to his still amorous Princess and horsewhipped Mr. Egerton Pyne, a wretched little philandering bounder who had been hanging about the Princess hopelessly and really not acting a bit worse than "Son Altesse." It is not a very edifying play—but, then, we do not go to the theatre to be edified; and it is funny in places, and we do go to laugh; but the laughter is not quite the broad, open, lung-stretched laughter that one loves to hear, and, if the author had not given great grounds for gratitude by his past work, one might be tempted to say rude things about "The Princess's Nose"—even, indeed, to hint that there is far too much of it and that some is quite needlessly ugly.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones can hardly find fault with the acting. His own daughter, Miss Ethelwynne, acts cleverly, and his leading lady, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, plays many scenes in brilliant light-comic fashion, even if there are moments when the serious passages seem too heavy for her: it is not quite certain that the fault does not lie partly in the writing. Mr. H. B. Irving, continuing his triumphant career, gives a delightfully easy performance as the Prince, and, indeed, by the grace of his manner almost makes one forget the disgrace of his conduct. Miss Gertrude Kingston, as Mrs. Malpas, the sly, unscrupulous cat, is perfect; one could not suggest a change in her work, nor, indeed, in that of Mr. Lennox Pawle, thoroughly, finely comic, as her devoted husband. The witty lines of the play are chiefly given to a scandal-mongering old lady, finely presented by Miss Carlotta Addison. Mr. Egerton Pyne, the languid lady-killer, is rather too highly coloured for the serious scenes, both so far as author and as Mr. Cosmo Stuart, who plays the part very cleverly, are concerned. Mr. Gilbert Hare once more gives an ingenious piece of old-man work. So the acting is all right, and the piece is not all



MISS ADA WEBSTER, PLAYING IN "AS ONCE IN MAY," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

*Photograph by Histed, Baker Street, W.*

wrong; but it does need a great deal of reconsideration and a firmer decision on the question whether it is to be pardoned as mere irresponsible farce or left to take its fate as a serious study of the seamy side of social life in the "hupper suckles."

## "ACIS AND GALATEA."

The Purcell Operatic Society may be congratulated on its production of "The Masque of Love" and Handel's work, "Acis and Galatea," which long has been a stranger to the stage. It may be that the Handelian work should still have remained a stranger, seeing that it was not written for the stage nor is wholly effective thereon, even when capitally performed and presented with the daring and skill of Mr. Gordon Craig and Mr. Martin Shaw, a couple of revolutionaries whose system of stage-management deserves serious consideration, even if it leads sometimes to quaint incongruities and to bewildering pieces of detail. In each case, the real charm lies in the music, which comes most gratefully to ears too often assailed by music overburdened with thought or with detail intended to suggest thought. The limpid freshness of the old tuneful—or rather, melodious—music is quite delightful, and, fortunately, the performance, if not quite flawless, was of high quality. The chief performers were Miss Gertrude Goodall, a charming Galatea; Mr. Anderson Nichol, who sang "Love in Her Eyes sits Playing" beautifully; and Mr. Robert Maitland, who in the popular "O Ruddier than the Cherry!" moved the house to a very hearty encore. Nor should the work of Mr. Lewandowski and Miss B. Spencer be overlooked. Some of the singing of the chorus was quite admirable, and the orchestra, under the conductorship of Mr. Martin Shaw, gave an excellent account of itself and the beautiful music.

A "star" turn at the

## LONDON HIPPODROME

just now is the exhibition of sensational cycle-feats by E. E. Gifford, a one-legged cyclist (his right leg had to be amputated in consequence of a smash-up on the cycle-track at New York), who performs the most difficult evolutions on his machine, and finally runs it along a little gallery high up in the roof of the building, afterwards falling with his cycle into the water-tank ninety feet below.



MISS DOROTHY FROSTICK, THE CLEVER LITTLE DANCER IN  
"BLUE-BELL IN FAIRYLAND," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

*Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*



*Photograph by Window and Grove.*

MR. BEN WEBSTER, WHO PLAYS CAPTAIN GEORGE LOVELL,  
IN "MICE AND MEN," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

## MISS GRACE PALOTTA,

a really beautiful portrait of whom appears on page 350 of this number, still continues to charm and delight our playgoing cousins "down under." Palotta skirts and Palotta hats and Palotta cloaks are all the rage in Melbourne and Sydney. Some day, I suppose, she will return to poor, dear, faithful old London. In the meantime, good luck to her and heaps of happiness.

## "KITTY GREY," IN THE SUBURBS.

Mr. George Edwardes's "Chief Company" has been playing to large audiences at the Camberwell Métropole in this bright and tuneful musical comedy. Miss Kitty Gordon is a fascinating Kitty Grey, and Miss Ethel Newman, who now takes the part of "Kitty the Second," quite charmed the playgoers of South London. Mr. T. W. Volt is genuinely funny as Lord Plantagenet, and the Company is really good all round.

## MUSICAL ITEMS.

The celebrated Italian violinist, Teresina Tua, is about to give three concerts in Rome, assisted by the famous composer and pianist, Signor Sgambati. Signorina Tua was at one time extremely popular, but for years she has been seldom heard. I remember her as a brilliant executant with great breadth and volume of tone.

A very sad case is that of the song-writer Piccolomini, who died on Sunday, 9th inst., in Hanwell Asylum. He wrote "Ora Pro

Nobis" and other songs at one time very popular. Overcome by illness and poverty, the gifted composer became quite insane about two years ago. Like too many clever musicians, he had no business capacity, and sold his songs for trifling sums to the publishers, who realised large profits from them. Piccolomini has left a widow and family in destitute circumstances, and Mr. W. Hubert Smith, of 10, Fenchurch Street Buildings, E.C., will receive subscriptions on their behalf.

Mr. Hirwen Jones, the charming tenor, has met with extraordinary success in Nova Scotia. He will make a lengthened tour in the Dominion and the United States.



*Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery.*

MISS ALICE DE WINTON, WHO PLAYS JOANNA GOODLACE,  
IN "MICE AND MEN," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

## THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

*Standardisation in Motor-Bicycles—Automobilists and Inns—What the Cyclist has Done—Dwindling Clubs—Cleaning the Machine.*

Time to light up : Wednesday, March 19, 7.9 ; Thursday, 7.11 ; Friday, 7.12 ; Saturday, 7.14 ; Sunday, 7.16 ; Monday, 7.17 ; Tuesday, 7.19.

There is no necessity for me to make any excuse for referring week after week to motor-bicycles. Many people have criticised them as impracticable. They are, of course, not the most perfect things yet on the face of the earth, but we are certainly on the high-road towards excellence. It is difficult to get manufacturers to act in cohesion, but I would suggest, if a gathering could possibly be convened, a meeting should take place to consider the question of standardisation of motor-bicycle parts.

All of us could tell dreary tales of the trouble which has overtaken us in our touring experiences, owing to some accident happening to our bicycle, then going into some repair-shop where there are dozens

road-traveller, must of necessity jog the mind of the drowsiest landlord that money is to be made by properly catering to his inner needs. But to suggest that the cyclist has not been of much account in improving inns is running the risk of being accused of flagrant ignorance.

Before I took to cycling, I was a pedestrian. That is, whenever I had a day to spare, I liked to start off for a thirty-mile tramp in the country, and I recall how often in those not very far-off days the accommodation for travellers was much inferior to what it is to-day. There must be many improvements before, in the matter of food, our English inns can come within approachable distance of some inns on the Continent. The fact, however, remains that inns all over our country were given a new lease of life by the advent of the wheelman.

I would not like to even hazard a guess how often I have urged that Cycle Clubs should do something besides having bi-weekly runs in the summer or arranging Ping-Pong tournaments with neighbouring Clubs in the winter. Here and there, a Club can be found that is flourishing, and even increasing its membership. But, speaking generally, Club membership is on the wane almost to extinction.



MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT AND MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER MOTORING IN REGENT'S PARK.

*Photograph by the Biograph Company.*

of wheels and piles of various parts, but yet nothing to suit one's particular wants. This might have been avoided if a standardisation had been agreed upon some years ago, instead of each maker going his own gait. A breakdown with a motor-bicycle is much more serious than a breakdown with an ordinary wheel, and manufacturers will be serving their own interests best, arousing a boom in motoring, if they endeavour not only to make machines simple to work, but easy to be repaired should something go wrong.

I dropped across an interesting article in one of the papers the other day on the future of our wayside inns. The writer looked to the automobilist as the person who is going to revive the glories of old English hosteries. He has not much appreciation of what has been done by the touring cyclist in this respect. The cyclist is not a sufficiently dignified person. He hastens up to an inn on his wheel, wants dinner, and, if that is not forthcoming, is content with some bread-and-cheese. The automobilist, on the other hand, with his huge, torpedo-like carriage, strikes terror into the heart of the host, who judges importance by size, and therefore feels that here is a person who must be catered for in a lordly sort of way.

All this is pleasant and agreeable writing, but does not exactly fit in with the circumstances. No doubt, the automobilist, like any other

These are days when in all affairs there must be something bright, novel, and attractive to catch the public fancy. It is the same with cycling as with other things, and to run a Club on the old jog-trot plan, year in and year out, with nothing to particularly appeal to the members, is to practically court disaster.

It is laying oneself open to a charge of heterodoxy to declare there is not much satisfaction to be found in cleaning a bicycle. A man or a woman should, of course, know thoroughly how to deal with a machine that wants cleaning or has some minor fault which requires attending to. The ignorance as to how a common puncture should be repaired is astounding. I am not, however, referring to that, but to the messiness of cleaning one's machine under ordinary circumstances. I know some people who are never so happy as when their clothes are smeared whilst oiling and polishing their bicycle into a kind of pristine beauty.

However, the majority of us prefer to pay somebody else to clean our bicycles for us. I have often marvelled why repairers don't make an offer to look after a machine for so much a-week, or be ready on receipt of a post-card to send a man along to clear off the mire; see that the parts are properly adjusted, remove and clean the chain, and generally make the mount fit and serviceable.

J. F. F.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

*Lincoln.* The Spring Meeting at Lincoln is always a big draw. Yet one wonders why such large crowds should foregather on the Carholme, seeing that the stand arrangements are very imperfect and the course is not up to the modern standard. It is lucky for the managers of the meeting that they claim the opening days of the flat-racing season for their own. The Lincoln Summer and Autumn fixtures do not draw like the Spring Meeting, which proves a lot, as the Yankees say. The sport at Lincoln is generally good, by-the-bye, because the meeting is easily fed by Newmarket and other big training centres. At the same time, the form is most unreliable and backers at the Spring fixture generally lose their money and gain a little wholesome experience. Horses running at Lincoln should be backed on their looks. I will explain what I mean. Several horses that are fat or are only half-trained run at Lincoln, and, if backers are lucky enough to find out the perfectly trained animals in the fields, they are on a good thing to nothing. The Brocklesby Stakes is as popular as ever, but it is said that Watson will win the race for the fifth time, by the aid of Skyscraper, a filly by Velasquez or Ayrshire—Chelandry. The filly belongs to Mr. Raphael. She is said to have been tried a certainty, but Brocklesby winners do very little afterwards.

*The Grand National.* Tremendous excitement was caused in racing circles last week when it became known that Ambush II. had split a pastern and would not be able to run for the Grand National. I believe Lord Marcus Beresford, R. Marsh, Mr. Lushington, and Anthony thought the horse had a chance second to none. To look at, Ambush II. is one of the grandest steeplechasers in training, while he jumps a heavy country perfectly. The field for the cross-country Blue Ribbon will be much below the average. Many of the Newmarket men of observation favour the chance of Drumree, who has been in strong work for a month or more. He is fit and will be well handled by Dollery, who has won over the course. The good people of the West think Drumcree will win, but I could not fancy him after the Sandown running behind the Pride of Mabestown. Perhaps the best horse in the race is Inquisitor, who has done well over the course. I think Buffalo Bill ought to get a place. This horse, as I mentioned at the time, carried a ton of money last year for a certain regiment stationed just then in India. As the soldiers backed the horse each way and he finished third, the red-coats had to receive. The Dunlin, who is trained in the Far North, at Ayr, is very likely to get a place. I am told Fighting Furley is good, if started, for the Liverpool Spring Cup.

*Plungers.* Before the Lords' Committee on Betting ends its labours I hope something will be done to prevent plungers from continuing to bet after they have got to the end of their resources. I heard a story many years ago of a noble Lord who owed the bookmakers two thousand pounds. He begged for time and a little ready money. Two hundred pounds was given to him, and he proceeded to a certain Club the same night and played cards with a young fool for high stakes. The end of it all was, the noble Lord paid the bookies next day all he owed them and he is betting to-day. The young gentleman who lost at cards is resting just now. Another little story came to me the other day. It was about a big plunger who met with very bad luck in his betting last year. A bookie accosted him in Tattersall's Ring, a few days back, with "Don't you know, my dear sir, that I could have you turned out of the Ring for being a defaulter? Why, you owe me a thousand pounds!" The answer came as quick as lightning: "I know I do, but I owe several other men larger sums, and you could not do without me!" What did he mean? I do not profess to know; but it is evident, if the bookies could not do without the man who owes them money all round, there is something in betting that ought to be

inquired into. As I have said before, no man should be allowed to bet on the nod when he is unable to pay.

*Guides.* It is worthy of note that the same mail from

South Africa which brought me a copy of the local Turf Guide, named "The Sandling Bell Racing Record," also brought me a letter from a Major in the Army who wanted my advice on the best Guide for information relating to racing in England. He rightly says hardly any really useful information is to be obtained in the sporting papers. Little items as to why horses were pulled up or fell back last after leading are entirely omitted from the papers and the Guides, and it is practically impossible to get a true idea of any race unless one sees it through the glasses. One man has made money for years, the secret of which is that he recommends all horses to be backed for future engagements which have finished fourth in their previous engagements. The plan, seemingly, works well, as the system has stood the test of time. Jockeys often try to pull their horses out of a place when they find they cannot win, and those pulled

horses should be followed, if for no other reason than that they are presumably fit. If the sporting reporters would always acquaint us when horses were pulled out of a place, we could do better than we do with the present humdrum, dry-as-dust, matter-of-fact details.

*Ascot.* It is said that only the Marlborough House set will be admitted to the Royal enclosure at Ascot this year, and quite right too. Under the old régime, it was possible for the American mushroom millionaires and their womenfolk to obtain permits for the Royal Enclosure to the exclusion of many worthy members of our own old nobility. It would, by-the-bye, be interesting if the right of entrée to the Royal Enclosure were put up at auction. I really believe the executive would get sufficient out of the sale of tickets to pay for re-turfing the new mile from end to end. Better still, the highest bidder at the sale should be allowed to pose as and bear the title of Lord Ascot during the meeting. This would fetch the enterprising Yankees with a vengeance. The season up to now has been most favourable to the Ascot race-track, and I am assured by a friend living in the neighbourhood that the herbage this year will beat all records. The alterations to the stands, rings, and roads are going on apace, and everything should be completed by June 17. Major Clements is on the course daily superintending the alterations.

He takes the liveliest interest in the course, and I should like to see it made perfect under his able administration. There will this year be State Processions on the Tuesday and the Thursday, and the King is to attend the meeting in private on the Wednesday and the Friday.

CAPTAIN COE.



H. W. STEVENSON, THE BILLIARD CHAMPION, PRACTISING NURSERY CANNONS.

Photograph by Kirk, New Malden.

## THE BILLIARD CHAMPION.

I give herewith a portrait of the Professional Billiard Champion, H. W. Stevenson, whose series of three matches with C. Dawson, the ex-Champion, is arousing so much interest among votaries of the cue. These matches are of eighteen thousand up (level), and are arranged to each last a fortnight, in two daily performances, so to speak, afternoon and evening. The Argyll Hall, in Regent Street, is the venue, and here the friends and admirers of the two competitors assemble and follow with never-abating interest the performances of their respective champions. In the early part of last week, Stevenson was not at his best, as he was suffering from a cold, and Dawson, though defeated, showed the more consistent form. It may be remembered that in 1901 Stevenson and Dawson played two matches for the Billiard Association Championship. The first came off in January, and was won by Stevenson, but Dawson turned the tables by winning the second match. Stevenson at once challenged for another match, and, as Dawson could not agree to the dates suggested, the former took the title of Champion by default. The match finished last week and the two still to be played have nothing to do with the Championship.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

I WAS, candidly, never more impressed with the astonishing youthfulness of the modern grandmother than when visiting the studio of a fashionable photographer some days ago. It would seem that one of the latest developments—freaks, fads, call it what you will—of modern vanity is for the superlatively young *gran'mère* of the



*[Copyright.]*

A VISITING-GOWN WITH THE LATEST TRIMMINGS.

moment to be photographed with the latest baby grandchild on a knee, a shoulder, or any other gracefully considered and picturesquely poised position. A number of these new departures were on view in the aforesaid studio, and the astonishing youthfulness of the maternal forbear therein was altogether surprising. What would our genuine grandmothers of early Victorian days, who were old at fifty, have thought, one could not help wondering, of these erect, frivolously frocked, and altogether juvenile dames, who might so easily have been the natural owners of these various babes, instead of being a generation behind such direct possessoryship?

Our great-grandmothers, who married at sixteen and were considered *passées* at thirty, after which they donned cap-strings and occupied themselves with jam-making, would have considered such long-drawn-out youthfulness positively immoral. The secret of indefinitely prolonged complexions was clearly not understood in those days, when women were willing to put themselves on the shelf long before their daughters were old enough to marry. Personal vanity was then entirely submerged in the domestic and maternal stage of being, as the proper and expected development of holy matrimony.

These belated grandmothers were, indeed, guileless enough to wear strings to their bonnets, which was not alone a fact unbecoming in itself, but gave them double chins long before old Time would have provided them with such dread reminders. Nowadays, our maternal relations of that generation visit the "Beauty Doctor," who binds up their chins with scientifically prepared "wrinkle eradicators" and

wages war generally against the temerarious and untimely wrinkle. *En revanche*, the superstition of wearing black as a suitable accompaniment of middle-age was greatly indulged by the aforesaid guileless ladies of that generation. Black is charming on a blonde, or, when extremely well made, is not amiss with brunettes. Elderly women add ten years to their apparent length of days by its use—a fact that the *chic* grandmother has discovered and digested and discounted, for she rarely appears in anything more sombre than fawns or greys, and leaves sable to the innocents.

I am asked to give a preliminary notice of the "Grand Coronation Bazaar," which is now being actively organised, to take place during the first week in July, in aid of that most deserving and pathetic cause, the Hospital for Sick Children, in Great Ormond Street. Queen Alexandra, whose tender interest in children is a household word with those who know her, is Patroness. Princess Alexis Dolgorouki has already arranged to superintend the stall representing Russian industries. The Duchess of Leeds and Mrs. Claude Lambton will sell flowers; Lady Jeune takes the fruit. The Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Lansdowne have also promised themselves, and, with such influential support, it is greatly hoped that the Bazaar will be a feature even in this season of records.

I am quite converted to the "Pianola," since meeting that delectable instrument at a friend's house some days ago. I used to think, it must be confessed, that "a piano attachment" which performed all sorts of music at will by merely pedalling must perforce be mechanical; but, since hearing its dulcet notes and realising how exquisitely modulated, or loud, at will, the most perfect music can be made by its means, I have gone to the other extreme of thinking that no piano should be



*[Copyright.]*

SPRING GOWN OF GREY CLOTH AND BLACK GLACE.

without its better-half, for which the technical name is "The Pianola." In fact, when hidden by a judicious arrangement of palms, which can be disposed so as to conceal it, one may pose as a pianist of note and astonish the friends of a lifetime by one's newly acquired "technique."

On the terrace at Monte Carlo and in a lesser degree on the Promenade des Anglais, where those who affect Nice exploit themselves at certain hours, quite formidably fashionable costumes have of late been disporting their modish departures. The finest possible white cloth made one much-admired costume on a tall, dark woman at the latter haunt of cosmopolitan fashion some days since. It was finely pleated from the waist to the top of the flounce, which was done in larger pleats. Tiny gold buttons, sewn on at regular intervals, made glittering lines between each fold, and a bolero of Irish guipure over chiffon completed it acceptably. The pattern of the guipure was also outlined with the aforesaid small gold buttons. It was a laboriously built but a most effective and obviously expensive costume.

Everybody nowadays, almost without exception, wears the low coiffure, and the flat hats with trailing flowers and much-swathed brims are ubiquitous. Dainty little shoulder-capes, made of gathered chiffon and lace, are being much used to complete the ensemble and completely supersede the boa of seasons past. Some of these frail and fragile little garments have a lace capuchin hood attached, but, unless rendered in the flimsiest of material and the most filmy of laces, the effect is apt to be somewhat clumsy. Delightful little jackets are greatly used as *demi-saison* coverings, the collars and revers being treated to the utmost elaboration of lace embroidery. These little jackets are hardly ever of the same colour as the skirt. With a biscuit-coloured jupe, for instance, one finds worn a little jacket of white tucked silk, and *vice versa*. Black jackets are considered *démodé* abroad, but will, doubtless, obtain in a degree with the seriously minded and utilitarian Englishwoman, who must persevere, moreover, reckon on a smoke-laden atmosphere amongst her perpetual drawbacks.

#### ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

F. L. (Dorchester).—The "Marlborough Reclining Chair" is probably the very thing you want, as it can be easily moved into many positions and combines the maximum of comfort with the minimum of expense. As such chairs go, I like the model sold by Foot and Son, of 171, New Bond Street, best. It is a delightful chair and equally a joy to the lazy or the invalidish.

SYBIL.

#### MISS DORA SELFE.

Two years ago, Miss Dora Selfe, when only sixteen years old, was a very promising pupil of Herr Bokemeyer in Berlin, and only returned to England to accompany an invalid sister. She is now to gain the necessary experience on tour with Mr. George Edwardes's "Messenger Boy" Company, and will, with her well-trained voice and graceful dancing, presumably become a delightful addition to our rising soubrettes.



MISS DORA SELFE,  
(ON TOUR WITH "THE MESSENGER BOY"), A PUPIL OF  
HERR BOKEMEYER, BERLIN.

Photograph by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

the Second" one of these days. Indeed, he even went so far as to prepare this tragedy for rehearsal, but he suddenly abandoned it. His "Richard the Third" we all know and shall ever remember.

Speaking of Sir Henry Irving reminds me that he was among the first to wire hearty wishes to his old friend and comrade, Mr. John L. Toole, on the anniversary of his birthday, a few days ago. The affection between Irving and Toole (who was so long Irving's manager) is both deep and touching. Speaking of Mr. Toole, when I went to see him in his Brighton retreat, a little while back, I found him much tickled over a letter he had received from a local plumber. It appears that Toole had been much disturbed at dozing-time by this plumber's hammering while engaged upon a task next-door to his house in the King's Road, and anon he sent a note to the plumber complaining thereof. The plumber promptly replied with a letter written on a piece of memo-paper. It ran thus: "The plumber next-door presents his compliments to Mr. Toole and begs to say that his keeping of Mr. Toole awake is only a matter of tit-for-tat, for he (the plumber) has often laughed so much of a night after seeing Mr. Toole act that he has not been able to sleep himself."

#### BRIGHTON AND ITS RESIDENTS.

BY J. W. GILBART-SMITH.

WITH boisterous winds and more than muttered discontent, it is not easy to write brightly of Brighton in that drear portion of the week which lies between Monday and Saturday. Then it is that the tide of frivolity and fashion has ebbed from the "Front." The week-enders have receded and the King's Road is the resort of lozenges and landaus.

Do not mistake me. I am drawing no picture of people driving up and down, partaking surreptitiously of that concoction genial to the cough. I refer rather to that panelled, diamond-shaped heraldic blazonment affected by the relict and the spinster. A woman has Arms, and, in both senses, when they are good she knows it. But she has no right to a crest. The reason for this is obvious. In ancient, knightly days, the Arms were on the shield, the crest was on the helmet. Woman has no need of helmet, but, in all conscience, the spinster and the relict have need of shield. Hence their Arms.

#### A METROPOLIS OF STUCCOED SPLENDOUR.

In Hove, that haven of the heiress-hunter, there are Avenues of palatial dwellings, the permanent haunts of the resident who knows little of and cares less for the casual visitor. Many of them are widows who comfortably house their jointures in their own dignified way. Many, too, are ex-military people, some of whom are godsends at the festive tea.

SIR ROBERT FARQUHAR.

Notable among the habitués of the place, one is not likely to forget Sir Robert Townsend-Farquhar. If you see a genial gentleman of middle age and middle stature, a mighty weather-judge and master of many arts, it is Sir Robert. He is mostly everywhere, and in all that is superior is an institution. He, moreover, is devoted to the brush, and has many pictorial evidences of his energy.

Sir Robert is an instance which, I think, is almost unprecedented in the annals of the Baronetage. He is one of five brothers all of whom have been Baronets. The third, fourth, and fifth Baronets of his line were his elder brethren, the last of whom he succeeded in August 1877. The present Lord Farquhar, his younger brother and heir, was created a Baronet on his own account in 1892. The badge of a Baronet is a hand, usually placed in the left-hand corner of the escutcheon. Curiously enough, the Farquhar family Arms contain two additional hands on their shield, which, without attempting any play on words, will come in handy to Lord Farquhar if ever, in addition to his own Baronetcy, he should be the fifth son to inherit that of his father, holding, as does Sir William Eden and Sir Edward Scott, two Baronetcies in one person.

The immediate prosperity of this branch of the Farquhar family was founded by Sir Walter Farquhar, M.D.—a doctor who, being appointed Physician to King George IV., was created a Baronet. His second son was also so created, and it is from this gentleman that Sir Robert and the present Master of the Household are descended. There are consequently three Baronetcies in existence tracing their descent from His Majesty's Master of the Healing Arts. The present head of the family, Sir Henry Farquhar, has himself need of help, for he is at present in Brighton a martyr to gout.

#### HIS GRACE OF FIFE.

Talking of Lord Farquhar and his family brings one naturally to the Duke of Fife, as the mention of His Majesty King George suggests remembrance of the Duke's illustrious wife.

It must indeed be a strange thing for Her Royal Highness, in her daily drives past the Pavilion, to re-people in her mind the days of long ago. What scenes were those within that seaside Palace! Could anything be more different than the Royal home which is now beside those self-same waves? The absolute difference in every single sense—the domesticity, the devotion of the parents, the love of their children! To look at her, who could suppose that this Royal little lady, with her love of simplicity, her joy in home, her pride in her own Penates, her absolute absence of ostentation, could be the great-grandniece of that padded trifler with the conveniences, His Sacred Majesty King George IV., Defender of the Faith?

#### THE COUNTESS OF MUNSTER.

There is no one in the kingdom, from the highest to the lowest, that has not sympathised with this talented lady in the loss not only of her husband, the late Earl, but of Lord Munster, her gallant son. His recent death so far away, in the prime of life, has been universally regretted, not only by the many friends to whom he had endeared himself, but by the public who knew of him only as a scion of Royalty.

Lady Munster is an extremely able woman, and her writings, distinguished by refinement and knowledge of the world, are well known to cultivated readers. On social questions she has opinions of her own and the courage to give them prominence. She is a daughter of the Hon. John Kennedy-Erskine, who would have been Lord John had he lived six months and four days longer, when his father, twelfth Earl of Cassillis, was created first Marquis of Ailsa. She married, in 1855, William George, second Earl of Munster, a grandson of King William IV. Her Ladyship was a first-cousin of her husband's, her mother having been a daughter of Lady Augusta FitzClarence, a daughter of the King. Lady Augusta married, secondly, Admiral Lord John Gordon, who assumed the surname of Hallyburton.

## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on March 24.*

## THE STOCK EXCHANGE AND WAR NEWS.

WE ventured last week to point out that not even Lord Kitchener could tell what the course of the War would be, and before the words were in print the capture of Lord Methuen more than justified our observation. If the matter could be allowed to rest where it is, we should be very glad, but, as has happened more than once during the South African War, the news—or, at least, the effect of it—was certainly known to some people before the public were permitted to share the information.

All day on Monday selling orders came persistently from Paris, but whether they were sent on account of French or English sellers “no man knoweth,” nor, indeed, is it likely that all the powers of the Stock Exchange Committee will be able to discover who the knowing ones were. It does not appear to us that, even if the discovery were made, anything could be done or that anyone was very much to blame, for the probable explanation is that a private code message was got through to someone, and that this someone acted on his cablegram, as he had every right to do. If Mr. Brodrick would make public all the telegrams that reach him as to past events as soon as they are deciphered, it would be a far greater protection to the public than vainly imagining nobody else can get information from private sources.

It certainly is a scandal that the British public, paying the expenses of the War, should be the last to learn what is going on, and it is even more certainly utter folly to suppose that information of a grave event, such as the Tweebosch defeat, can be kept secret for two days when three or four cables are in constant use between South Africa and Europe.

## THE FOREIGN RAILWAY MARKET.

A series of what in the old days would have been considered excellent traffics has had no effect upon the Mexican Railway Market. At the present time, while the Companies' supporters in the Stock Exchange are still stoutly protesting the cheapness of Mexican Rails, they show very little inclination to do more than talk, and the inanition which was foretold as likely to overtake the market is with us now, depressing the stocks, which fall away of their own weight and not from any particular selling; the market is simply “dried up,” the jobbers will tell you. A number of options are pending at the end of this month, and possibly there may be another flash in the price of the stocks before Easter, but we very much doubt it. Mexican Firsts, carrying a nominal dividend of 8 per cent., may be a good speculative purchase at their present level, but we should have to see the price down to 70 before discerning any particular attraction about it unless the traffics for the next few weeks should turn out something phenomenal. A large bull-account exists, and buyers had to give as much as 1 per cent. last contango-day, a rate which works out to 9 per cent. per annum.

South American Railway stocks are passing through a period of disappointment as regards traffic-receipts, and the degree of strength shown by the stocks in the face of such depressing circumstances is somewhat remarkable. The Great Southern Company is almost the only Argentine railway which is doing well, and its Ordinary stock stands about 136. Despite a traffic-decrease of £11,800 last week, Central Argentine stock keeps very steady in the neighbourhood of 107, while Argentine Great Western remains 5 points below par. Drought and a slight consequent famine are playing havoc with earnings, but the market regards these as temporary incidents, and the previous decline in quotations for Argentine Railway stocks is held to have discounted the present trouble. Flying farther North, we hear good accounts of Western Railway of Havana shares as a good speculative investment, while, of a better type, the lately issued 5 per cent. Debenture bonds of the Mexican Eastern Railway are as irreproachable as can be expected in this class, and at 94½ do not appear at all expensive.

## THE KANGAROO CORNER.

The West Australian Market in the Stock Exchange has lately received a handsome addition to its floor-space, which drew forth

from a dealer in the Kaffir Circus this exclamation: “Fancy giving such an effete market as this such a splendid home!” Nor can “effete” be fitly called too strong a weak adjective for the Kangaroo Corner just now. Even the very men who used to job in it before they were hammered in connection with the London and Globe crash are deserting it as they steal back to the House one by one every now and then. Yet the Great Boulder Perseverance report is of itself sufficient evidence that the market possesses some excellent properties. Although in 1900 no dividend was paid, for last year the shareholders received half-a-sovereign per share, and the amount of gold won was 134,219 oz., a fine performance, of which the Directors state they see no reason for doubting a continuance. The shares stand at about 11½, so that, unless this year's dividend is to be larger than that of last, the price is none too low. On the other hand, a realisation of the Board's optimistics would, no doubt, put it up to 16 once more. Boulder Perseverance are an interesting speculation. So, too, would be Golden Horseshoe shares if one could muster any confidence in the people who pull the strings; but that is impossible, and we have no faith in the manipulating clique. Lake Views are approaching the price marked out for them by a good many who are innocent of bear operations, and Ivanhœs droop severwards. It is all a question of waiting for Westralians, but those who hold shares of a good class should keep them for a bit, since the revival of the inmarket is only a matter of time.

## THE STOCK EXCHANGE COMMITTEE.

On the twentieth of March in every year, or, if that day should be a Sunday or Bank Holiday, then on the following business-day, a ballot by members of the Stock Exchange is held for the appointment of a Committee of

thirty members, called the Committee of General Purposes, and holding office for one year. The day of election being here, it is not inappropriate to glance at the functions of these thirty members, whose conduct is so sharply criticised the whole financial world over, and to whom a word of encouragement or praise from within or without the House is as rare as it is unexpected. There are, of course, a few members of the Committee who have retired to all practical intents, and

who merely turn up week by week to play their part in making rules and delivering decisions upon principles which may have acted beautifully in the middle of the last century, but which are quite out of date to-day.

But to return to our muttons—our lambs of Committeemen. The first duty of the Committee is, in the official words, to regulate the transaction of business on the Stock Exchange. They have to make rules regarding the admission, expulsion, or suspension of members and their clerks, to regulate the mode in which business is to be conducted, and to legislate generally for the good order and government of the members of the House. To them belongs the difficult task of fixing ordinary and special settling-days, to investigate claims and other matters relating to the interests of members or of the public, to expel any one of their own body who may deserve it, and to censure other members when occasion arises. The decisions of the Stock Exchange Committee, when confirmed, are absolutely final, and have to be carried out forthwith by every member of the House concerned. These are the chief duties of the Stock Exchange Committee; but, of course, a host of others might be enumerated, some of kindred, some of lesser degree, into which it is unnecessary to go at present. It will be seen, however, that, while the powers allotted to this governing body are fairly wide, they are by no means as boundless as the average reader might suppose from a perusal of his daily paper. Financial journalists seem to be saturated with the conviction that the Stock Exchange Committee is a very god, bound to act whenever they (the aforesaid scribes) demand investigation into members' affairs, or whenever some foolish Judge issues a challenge betraying the colossal ignorance of City matters which is usual on the Bench, or whenever Continental operators get hold of early information from the theatre of war which our own War Office loves to secrete for a day or two. If the Stock Exchange Committee were to take up every glove which is thrown down to them, their time would be more than fully employed therewith, to the exclusion of their own proper work. We are no



GREAT BOULDER GOLD-MINE.

apologists for the Trusty Thirty, but, before suggesting a few points which call most loudly for reform, we have to clear the ground from some of the clogging misconceptions which cling around the name of the Stock Exchange Committee. In our next week's issue we hope to put one or two things before our readers which call most loudly for reform by the new governing body of the House.

FROM BROKEN HILL.

The portion of our Correspondent's letter which we are able to print this week shows how dependent Broken Hill is upon the price of lead and zinc, a point to which English investors pay very little attention. The general idea on this side seems to be that *silver* is the key of the position on the Barrier, but, as a matter of fact, things have been cut so fine that it is the prices obtained for what were at one time supposed to be almost bye-products that make all the difference between working at a profit or a loss.

Next week we hope to give our Correspondent's notes on the development of the mines.

Broken Hill, Feb. 4, 1902.

Since my last letter, things in Broken Hill have been going from bad to worse, and it seemed useless to write when it was possible only to say unwelcome things. A fortnight or three weeks ago, it looked as if the tide had turned, when lead commenced to again rise, but the position was too insecure to rest much hope on it. The last few days, however, the lead market has firmed sufficiently to raise hope. To-day the London quotation is £11 10s. per ton (spelter £17 10s.), and shares have risen with a jump on all the Australian markets. Speculators and mining-men have accepted the rise as a genuine and solid one, and the feeling to-day is more secure than Broken Hill has experienced for months. Unfortunately, Broken Hill is always in the dark in the matter of the lead market and can go only by appearances. But just now we are basing our hopes to a great extent on the prediction of the Earl of Kintore, at the last meeting of the Sulphide Corporation, that a determined rise would take place early in the year. His Lordship specified March; Broken Hill people think his calendar may have been wrong and that the rise in metals has come along earlier than was expected.

If lead keeps rising until it reaches a normal value, several of the closed-down mines will re-start. A day or two ago, the Chairman of the North announced that that mine would be again put into work when lead passed £12. The British and Block 10 will follow suit at somewhat about that price. The Junction has started preliminary work underground, so as to be ready.

The result of the depression of 1901 on the Barrier can best be shown by figures. The number of men employed on the mines fell from 7260 to 4300, and the population of the town and surroundings fell from 31,000 to 26,000. Yet, in the face of the slump, the metal exports of the Barrier, thanks to the Proprietary, Sulphide Corporation, and the South, were not so greatly behind those of 1900. The gross figures were: 1900, £2,281,227, against, 1901, £1,596,087, or a falling-off of about 33 per cent. Concentrates actually increased in quantity, if not in value, but the falling-off in zincs, the result of the cessation of operations on the part of the Australian Metal Company, was most marked. However, the Metal Company may resume work any day. It has a very fine zinc-plant, and has plenty of stuff on hand to treat. The Mechnerich zinc-plant on the Central Mine has been doing good work, fully warranting its installation. It is to be extended as soon as possible. The Sulphide Corporation, wishful to turn out a marketable zinc-product, has suggested that the Federal Government should give a bonus for production. The zinc trouble, so far as I can learn, is all over now—the zinciferous ores can be treated all right; the only thing is the price. And the Metal Company officials tell me that £16 5s. will leave them a margin of profit.

Talking of processes, the Huntingdon-Heberlein desulphurising plant on the Proprietary works at Port Pirie has been doing satisfactory work, though a different report comes from the Sulphide Corporation at Cockle Creek. The plant's recoveries at Port Pirie are payable. The Carmichael-Bradford process, however, is undoubtedly the superior. The latter has been tried in the West successfully, and a long series of trials is at present proceeding in Broken Hill. The high praise I gave the process when it was first made known is being, so far, thoroughly endorsed. The Proprietary Company has also been experimenting with the desulphurising of its slimes by means of roasting-kilns. Although a large waste goes into the atmosphere, the results have proved profitable, and a start is to be made shortly to treat 36,000 tons at a site about three miles from Broken Hill. We are already seeing the benefit of the depression: the Management are carrying out improvements in treatment that, in the "good days," were shelved as too bothersome. The Proprietary people, by the way, are hopeful of striking coal near the South Australian seaboard, in the vicinity of the Iron Knob flux mines. If they do—well, it's difficult to write down all the advantages that would accrue.

Saturday, March 15, 1902.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

AMBULATOR.—If you want to sleep comfortably, you must not expect a very high rate of interest. We suggest Mexican 5 per cent. Bonds, Chinese Gold Bonds, Interceanic Railway Prior Lien Debentures, Central London Railway Ordinary stock, De Beers Debentures, Imperial Tobacco Preference shares, and *Lady's Pictorial* ditto. If we held Telegraph Construction, we should not be frightened by the Marconi scare. Buy a few more rather than sell.

G. H.—We answered your letter on the 13th inst.

BEE.—The Tramway has to depend for its existence on a lease of its old line from the County Council, which expires in 1910, and we cannot see that they are a promising investment.

AN OLD READER.—(1) These are sure to rise when there is a fresh upward movement in South Africans. We look upon them as good to hold over the War. (2) Mr. Rhodes is very ill—our private information is very pessimistic—and if he died they might go a little lower; otherwise, we should say it was not a bad time to buy.

A. P. R.—The City Editor has no more to do than you have with advertisements, but your letter has been passed on to the agent.

Messrs. Harrison and Maude inform me that they have concluded arrangements for a new Haymarket play by Mr. Pinero. This is good news for playgoers, especially as our greatest writer of modern plays will this time drop the "spotted" heroine method and again deviate into bright comedy. Messrs. Harrison and Maude have also in hand a new comedy by Captain Marshall, who will, in this piece, depart for the nonce from military matters.

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